

# POEMS

ON

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

*Carta (E) K*

---

THE THIRD EDITION.

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ΘΕΟΥ σεβεσθαι και παντα πραξεις ευθεως.

Τηρε Ευσεβειας και λαλει και μανθανε.

INCERT.

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TO THE

EARL of BATH.

MY LORD,

THE World will judge the more favourably of this Collection, from being told that it was printed by Your Desire: and my own Scruples about the Publication will be the

iv DEDICATION.

less painful, if You accept it as a  
Testimony of the Gratitude and  
Respect, with which I have the  
Honour to be,  
ANTOT

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most obliged  
and most obedient humble Servant,

ELIZ. CARTER.



W H A T E V E R Honour the Author of this Collection may derive from the following fine Verses, there is no Part of it on which she sets so high a Value, as the being allowed to declare, that she is indebted for them to Lord Lyttleton.

On reading Mrs. ——'s POEMS in Manuscript.

S U C H were the Notes that struck the wond'ring Ear  
 Of silent Night, when, on the verdant Banks  
 Of Siloe's hallow'd Brook, celestial Harps,  
 Accorded to seraphic Voices, sung  
*Glory to God on high, and on the Earth*  
*Peace, and Good-will to Men!*—Resume the Lyre  
 Chauntress divine, and ev'ry Briton call  
 It's Melody to hear—so shall thy Strains,  
 More pow'rful than the Song of *Orpheus*, tame  
 The savage Heart of brutal Vice, and bend  
 At pure Religion's Shrine the stubborn Knees  
 Of bold Impiety—*Greece* shall no more  
 Of *Lesbian Sappho* boast, whose wanton Muse,  
 Like a false Syren, while she charm'd, seduc'd

To

To Guilt and Ruin. For the sacred Head  
Of Britain's Poets the Virtues twine  
A nobler Wreath, by them from *Eden's Grove*  
Unfading gather'd, and direct the Hand  
Of *Montagu* to fix it on her Brows.



816.2.2





# P O E M S

ON

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

### IN DIEM NATALEM.

— vivendi rectè qui prorogat horam,

*Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis, at ille*

*Labitur & labetur, in omne, volubilis, ævum.*

H O R.

**T**HOU Pow'r supreme ! by whose Command  
I live,

The grateful Tribute of my Praise receive :  
To thy Indulgence I my Being owe,  
And all the Joys which from that Being flow.

B

Scarce

Scarce eighteen Suns have form'd the rolling Year, 5.  
 And run their destin'd Courses round this Sphere,  
 Since thy creative Eye my Form survey'd,  
 Midst undistinguish'd Heaps of Matter laid.  
 Thy Skill my elemental Clay refin'd,  
 The vagrant Particles in Order join'd : 19  
 With perfect Symmetry compos'd the Whole,  
 And stamp'd thy sacred Image on my Soul :  
 A Soul susceptible of endless Joy,  
 Whose Frame nor Force, nor Time can e'er destroy :  
 Which shall survive, when Nature claims my Breath,  
 And bid Defiance to the Darts of Death ; 16  
 To Realms of Bliss with active Freedom soar,  
 And live when Earth, and Skies shall be no more.  
 Author of Life ! In vain my Tongue essays,  
 For this immortal Gift to speak thy Praise ! 20  
 How shall my Heart it's grateful Sense reveal,  
 Where all the Energy of Words must fail ?  
 O may it's Influence in my Life appear,  
 And ev'ry Action prove my Thanks sincere !  
 Grant me, great God, a Heart to Thee inclin'd : 25  
 Increase my Faith, and rectify my Mind :

Teach

Teach me betimes to tread thy sacred Ways,  
 And to thy Service consecrate my Days.  
 Still as thro' Life's perplexing Maze I stray,  
 Be Thou the guiding Star to mark my Way. 30  
 Conduct the Steps of my unguarded Youth,  
 And point their Motions to the Paths of Truth.  
 Protect me by thy providential Care,  
 And warn my Soul to shun the Tempter's Snare.  
 Thro' all the shifting Scenes of varied Life, 35  
 In Calms of Ease, or ruffling Storms of Grief,  
 Thro' each Event of this inconstant State,  
 Preserve my Temper equal and sedate.  
 Give me a Mind, that nobly can despise  
 The low Designs, and little Arts of Vice. 40  
 Be my Religion such as taught by Thee,  
 Alike from Pride and Superstition free.  
 Inform my Judgment, regulate my Will,  
 My Reason strengthen, and my Passions still:  
 To gain thy Favour be my first great End, 45  
 And to that Scope may ev'ry Action tend,  
 Amidst the Pleasures of a prosp'rous State,  
 Whose flatt'ring Charms the untutor'd Heart elate,

May I reflect to whom those Gifts I owe,  
 And bless the bounteous Hand, from whence they flow.  
 Or, if an adverse Fortune be my Share,  
 Let not it's Terrors tempt me to Despair:  
 But fixt on Thee a steady Faith maintain,  
 And own all good, which thy Decrees ordain.  
 On thy unfailing Providence depend,  
 The best Protector, and the surest Friend !  
 Thus on Life's Stage may I my Part sustain,  
 And at my Exit thy Applauses gain.  
 When thy pale Herald summons me away,  
 Support me in that dread Catastrophe:  
 In that last Conflict guard me from Alarms,  
 And take my Soul expiring to thy Arms.

*Felices*

*Felices animæ quibus hæc cognoscere primis,*

*Inque domos superas scandere, cura fuit.*

*Credibile est illas, pariter vitiisque locisque*

*Altius humanis, exeruisse caput.*

OVID. FAST.

WHILE clear the Night, and ev'ry Thought serene;

Let Fancy wander o'er the solemn Scene:

And, wing'd by active Contemplation, rise

Amidst the radiant Wonders of the Skies.

Here, *Cassiopeia* fills a lucid Throne,

There blaze the Splendors of the Northern Crown;

While the slow Car the cold *Triones* roll

Over the pale Countries of the frozen Pole,

Whose faithful Beams conduct the wand'ring Ship,

Thro' the wide Desart of the pathless Deep.

Throughout the *Galaxy*'s extended Line,

Unnumber'd Orbs in gay Confusion shine:

Where ev'ry Star that gilds the Gloom of Night

With the faint Tremblings of a distant Light,

Perhaps illumines some System of it's own      15  
 With the strong Influence of a radiant Sun.

Plac'd on the Verge, which *Titan's* Realm confines,  
 The slow revolving Orb of *Saturn* shines ;  
 Where the bright Pow'r, whose near approaching Ray  
 Gilds our gay Climates with the Blaze of Day,    20  
 On those dark Regions glimmers from afar,  
 With the pale Lustre of a twinkling Star.  
 While, glowing with unmitigated Day,  
 The nearer Planets roll their rapid Way.

Let stupid Atheists boast th' atomic Dance,    25  
 And call these beauteous Worlds the Work of Chance:  
 But nobler Minds, from Guilt and Passion free,  
 Where Truth unclouded darts her heav'nly Ray,  
 Or on the Earth, or in the ætherial Road,  
 Survey the Footsteps of a ruling G O D:    30  
 Sole L O R D of Nature's universal Frame,  
 Thro' endless Years unchangeably the same:  
 Whose Presence, unconfin'd by Time or Place,  
 Fills all the vast Immensity of Space.  
 He saw while Matter yet a Chaos lay:    35  
 The shapeless Chaos own'd his potent Sway.

His

His single Fiat form'd th' amazing Whole,  
 And taught the new-born Planets where to roll :  
 With wise Direction curv'd their steady Course,  
 Imprest the central and projectile Force, 40  
 Lest in one Mass their Orbs confus'd should run,  
 Drawn by th' attractive Virtue of the Sun,  
 Or quit the harmonious Round, and wildly stray  
 Beyond the Limits of his genial Ray.

To thee, *Endymion*, I devote my Song ; 45  
 To Minds like thee, these Subjects best belong ;  
 Whose curious Thoughts with active Freedom soar,  
 And trace the Wonders of creating Pow'r.  
 For this, some nobler Pen shall speak thy Fame ;  
 But let the Muse indulge a gentler Theme, 50  
 While pleas'd she tells thy more engaging Part,  
 Thy social Temper and diffusive Heart.  
 Unless these Charms their soft'ning Aid bestow,  
 Science turns Pride, and Wit a common Foe.

## ANACREON. Ode XXX.

Αἰ μούσαι τον Ερωτα, &amp;c. M

THE *Muses* once, intent on Play,  
 Young *Cupid* roving caught:  
 With flow'ry Wreaths his Hands confin'd,  
 And bound to *Beauty* brought.  
 Fond *Venus* ranges all the Plain,  
 To seek her little Joy:  
 And soon a pow'rful Ransom brings,  
 To free th' imprison'd Boy.  
 But tho' releas'd, the captive God  
 Refus'd to quit his Chains:  
 And still to *Beauty's* gentle Sway  
 A willing Slave remains.

On

## On hearing Miss \_\_\_\_\_ sing.

SWEET *Echo*, vocal Nymph, whose mimic Tongue

Return'd the Music of my *Delia's* Song,

O still repeat the soft enchanting Lay

That gently steals the ravish'd Soul away.

Shall Sounds like these in circling Air be lost, 5

And in the Stream of vulgar Noises lost?

Ye guardian *Sylphs*, who listen while she sings,

Bear the sweet Accents on your rosy Wings:

With studious Care the fading Notes retain,

Nor let that tuneful Breath be spent in vain. 10

Yet, if too soon this transient Pleasure fly,

A Charm more lasting shall the Loss supply:

While Harmony, with each attractive Grace,

Plays in the fair Proportions of her Face;

Where each soft Air, engaging and serene, 15

Beats Measure to the well-tun'd Mind within:

Alike her Singing and her Silence move,

Whose Voice is Music, and whose Looks are Love.

## On the DEATH of Mrs. ROWE.

O F T' did Intrigue it's guilty Arts unite,  
 To blacken the Records of female Wit :  
 The tuneful Song lost ev'ry modest Grace,  
 And lawless Freedoms triumph'd in their Place :  
 The Muse, for Vices not her own accus'd, 5  
 With Blushes view'd her sacred Gifts abus'd ;  
 Those Gifts for nobler Purposes assign'd,  
 To raise the Thoughts, and moralize the Mind ;  
 The chaste Delights of Virtue to inspire,  
 And warm the Bosom with seraphic Fire ; 10  
 Sublime the Passions, lend Devotion Wings,  
 And celebrate the first great CAUSE of Things.

These glorious Tasks were *Philomela's* Part,  
 Who charms the Fancy, and who mends the Heart.  
 In her was ev'ry bright Distinction join'd, 15  
 Whate'er adorns, or dignifies the Mind :  
 Her's ev'ry happy Elegance of Thought,  
 Refin'd by Virtue, as by Genius wrought.

Each

Each low-born Care her pow'rful Strains controul,  
 And wake the nobler Motions of the Soul. 20  
 When to the vocal Wood or winding Stream,  
 She hymn'd th' Almighty A U T H O R of it's Frame,  
 Transported Echoes bore the Sounds along,  
 And all Creation listen'd to the Song :  
 Full, as when raptur'd Seraphs strike the Lyre ; 25  
 Chaste, as the Vestal's consecrated Fire ;  
 Soft as the balmy Airs, that gently play  
 In the calm Sun-set of a vernal Day ;  
 Sublime as Virtue ; elegant as Wit ;  
 As Fancy various ; and as Beauty sweet. 30  
 Applauding Angels with Attention hung,  
 To learn the heav'nly Accents from her Tongue :  
 They, in the midnight Hour, beheld her rise  
 Beyond the Verge of sublunary Skies ;  
 Where, rap'd in Joys to mortal Sense unknown, 35  
 She felt a Flame extatic as their own.

O while distinguish'd in the Realms above,  
 The blest Abode of Harmony and Love,  
 Thy happy Spirit joins the heav'nly Throng,  
 Glows with their Transports, and partakes their Song, .

Fixt on my Soul shall thy Example grow,  
 And be my Genius and my Guide below;  
 To this I'll point my first, my noblest Views,  
 Thy spotless Verse shall regulate my Muse.  
 And O forgive, tho' faint the Transcript be,  
 That copies an Original like thee:  
 My justest Pride, my best Attempt for Fame,  
 That joins my own to *Philomela's* Name.



To —————

WHILE thus my Thoughts their softest Sense  
 express,

And strive to make the tedious Hours seem less,  
 Say, shall these Lines the Name, I hide, impart,  
 And point their Author to my *Cynibia's* Heart?  
 Will she, by correspondent Friendship, own  
 A Verse the Muse directs to her alone?

Dear Object of a Love whose fond Excess  
 No studied Forms of Language can express,  
 How vain those Arts which vulgar Cares controul  
 To banish thy Remembrance from my Soul!

Which

Which fixt and constant to it's fav'rite Theme,  
In spite of Time and Distance is the same:  
Still feels thy Absence equally severe,  
Nor tastes without thee a Delight sincere.

Now cold *Aquarius* rules the frozen Sky,  
And with pale Horrors strikes the cheerless Eye;  
Sooth'd by the melancholy Gloom I rove,  
With lonely Footsteps thro' the leafless Grove;  
While sullen Clouds the Face of Heav'n invest,  
And, in rude Murmurs, howls the bleak North-east:  
Ev'n here thy Image rises to my Sight,  
And gilds the Shade with momentary Light:  
It's magic Pow'r transforms the wintry Scene,  
And gay as *Eden* blooms the faded Plain.

From Solitude to busy Crowds I fly,  
And there each wild Amusement idly try:  
Where laughing Folly sports in various Play,  
And leads the Chorus of the Young and Gay.  
But here the Fancy only takes a Part,  
The giddy Mirth ne'er penetrates my Heart,  
Which, cold, unmov'd by all I hear or see,  
Steals from the Circle to converse with thee,

To

To calm Philosophy I next retire,  
 And seek the Joys, her sacred Arts inspire,  
 Renounce the Frolics of unthinking Youth, 39  
 To court the more engaging Charms of Truth :  
 With *Plato* soar on Contemplation's Wing,  
 And trace Perfection to th' eternal Spring ;  
 Observe the vital Emanations flow,  
 That animate each fair Degree below : 40  
 Whence Order, Elegance, and Beauty move  
 Each finer Sense, that tunes the Mind to Love ;  
 Whence all that Harmony, and Fire, that join,  
 To form a Temper, and a Soul like thine.

Thus thro' each diff'rent Track my Thoughts pursue,  
 Thy lov'd Idea ever meets my View, 46  
 Of ev'ry Joy, of ev'ry Wish a Part,  
 And rules each varying Motion of my Heart.

May Angels guard thee with distinguish'd Care,  
 And ev'ry Blessing be my *Cynthia's* Share ! 50  
 Thro' flow'ry Paths securely may she tread,  
 By Fortune follow'd, and by Virtue led ;  
 While Health and Ease, in ev'ry Look express,  
 The Glow of Beauty, and the Calm of Peace.

Let one bright Sunshine form Life's vernal Day, 55  
 And clear and smiling be it's Ev'ning Ray.  
 Late may she feel the softest Blast of Death,  
 As Roses droop beneath a Zephyr's Breath.  
 Thus gently fading, peaceful rest in Earth,  
 'Till the glad Spring of Nature's second Birth : 60  
 Then quit the transient Winter of the Tomb,  
 To rise and flourish in immortal Bloom.

~~REVEREND REVEREND REVEREND REVEREND REVEREND~~

To the SAME.

Occasioned by an ODE written by Mrs. Philips.

NARCISSA ! still thro' ev'ry varying Name,  
 My constant Care and bright enliv'ning Theme,  
 In what soft Language shall the Muse declare  
 The fond Extravagance of Love sincere ?  
 How all those pleasing Sentiments convey, 5  
 That charm my Fancy, when I think on thee ?  
 A Theme like this *Orinda's Thoughts* inspir'd,  
 Nor less by Friendship, than by Genius fir'd,  
 Then let her happier, more persuasive Art  
 Explain th' agreeing Dictates of my Heart : 10

Sweet

Sweet may her Fame to late Remembrance bloom,  
And everlasting Laurels shade her Tomb,  
Whose spotless Verse with genuine Force express  
The brightest Passion of the human Breast.

In what blest Clime, beneath what fav'ring Skies,  
Did thy fair Form, propitious Friendship rise ? 16  
With mystic Sense, the Poet's tuneful Tongue  
\* *Urania's Birth in glitt'ring Fiction sang.*  
That *Paphos* first her smiling Presence own'd,  
Which wide diffus'd it's happy Influence round. 20  
With Hands united, and with Looks serene,  
Th' attending *Graces* hail'd their new-born Queen;  
The *Zephyrs* round her wav'd their purple Wing,  
And shed the Fragrance of the breathing Spring:  
The rosy *Hours*, advanc'd in silent Flight, 25  
Led sparkling *Youth*, and ever-new *Delight*.  
Soft sigh the Winds, the Waters gently roll,  
A purer Azure vefts the lucid Pole,  
All Nature welcom'd in the beauteous Train, 29  
And Heav'n and Earth smil'd conscious of the Scene.

\* There were two *VENUSES* among the Ancients; one called *PANDEMUS*, to whom they attributed the Love of wild disorderly Pleasures; the other named *URANIA*, the Patroness and Inspirer of Friendship, Knowledge, and Virtue.

But

But long e'er *Paphos* rose, or Poet sung,  
 In heav'nly Breasts the sacred Passion sprung :  
 The same bright Flames in raptur'd Seraphs glow,  
 As warm consenting Tempers here below :  
 While one Attraction Mortal, Angel, binds, 35  
 Virtue, which forms the Unison of Minds :  
 Friendship her soft harmonious Touch affords,  
 And gently strikes the sympathetic Chords,  
 Th' agreeing Notes in social Measures roll,  
 And the sweet Concert flows from Soul to Soul. 40

By Heav'n's enthusiastic Impulse taught  
 What shining Visions rose on *Plato's* Thought !  
 While by the Muses gently winding Flood \*,  
 His searching Fancy trac'd the sov'reign Good !  
 The laurel'd Sisters touch'd the vocal Lyre, 45  
 And *Wisdom's* Goddess led their tuneful Choir.  
 Beneath the genial *Platane's* spreading Shade,  
 How sweet the philosophic Music play'd !  
 Thro' all the Grove, along the flow'ry Shore  
 The charming Sounds responsive Echoes bore. 50

\* *ILYSSUS*, a River near *ATHENS*, dedicated to the Muses. On the Banks of this River, under a *Platane*, *PLATO* lays the Scene of some of his Dialogues on Love and Beauty.

Hero, from the Cares of vulgar Life refin'd,  
 Immortal Pleasures open'd on his Mind :  
 In gay Succession to his ravish'd Eyes  
 The animating Pow'rs of *Beauty* rise ;  
 On ev'ry Object round, above, below, 55  
 Quick to the Sight her vivid Colours glow :  
 Yet, not to Matter's shadowy Forms confin'd,  
 The *Fair* and *Good* he sought remain'd behind :  
 'Till gradual rising thro' the boundless Whole,  
 He view'd the blooming Graces of the Soul ; 60  
 Where, to the Beam of intellectual Day,  
 The genuine Charms of *moral Beauty* play :  
 With pleasing Force the strong Attractions move  
 Each finer Sense, and tune it into Love.



### To the SAME.

APRIL the 9th.

S TILL may this Morn with fairest Lustre rise,  
 And find thee still more happy and more wise :  
 The smiling Year with some new Pleasure crown ;  
 And add some Virtue to the past unknown ;

E'en

E'en that, whose future Progress shall deface 5  
 The transient Pride of each external Grace,  
 Survey the Soul more beauteous, young, and gay,  
 And cheerful to the latest natal Day,  
 Which gilds the Ruins of declining Age,  
 And lights it safely to it's farthest Stage. 10

Where Roses blush, and soft-wing'd Zephyrs play,  
 Thro' Pleasure's Walks if Youth unbounded stray,  
 Enjoy each Product of the vernal Hour,  
 Seize ev'ry Green, and rife ev'ry Flow'r,  
 Tho' with each smiling Hue the Garland bloom, 15  
 And Fortune add her variegated Plume,  
 How soon, alas! the gay fantastic Wreath  
 Must wither on the pallid Brow of Death!  
 It's languid Sweets in mournful Dust be laid,  
 And all it's unreviving Colours fade! 20

Thus the false Forms of Vanity descend,  
 And in the Gloom of long Oblivion end:  
 Unreal Fantoms, empty, void of Pow'r,  
 Borne on the fleeting Pinions of an Hour!  
 Desert in Death the disappointed Mind, 25  
 Nor leave a Trace of Happiness behind!

O blest with Talents fitted to obtain  
 What wild unthinking Folly seeks in vain,  
 To whom, peculiarly indulgent, Heav'n  
 The noblest Means of Happiness has giv'n, 30  
 From Joys unfixt, that in Possession die  
 From *Falshood's* Path my dear *Narcissa* fly.  
 See Faith with steady Light direct the Road  
 That leads unerring to the sov'reign *Good*:  
 See Virtue's Hand immortal Joys bestow, 35  
 That ever new in fair Succession blow,  
 Nor dread, secure of undecaying Bloom,  
 The ineffectual Winter of the Tomb.

Such sure Rewards the happy Choice attend  
 Form'd on our Nature's Origin and End. 40  
 Pure from th' eternal Source of Being came  
 That Ray divine, that lights the human Frame:  
 Yet oft, forgetful of it's heav'nly Birth,  
 It sinks obscur'd beneath the Weight of Earth:  
 Mechanic Pow'rs retard it's Flight, and hence 45  
 The Storms of *Passion*, and the Clouds of *Sense*:  
 'Tis Life's great Task their Influence to controul,  
 And keep the native Splendor of the Soul:

From false Desires which wild *Opinion* frames,  
 From raging *Folly's* inconsistent Schemes, 50  
 To guard it safe, by those unerring Laws,  
 That re-unite it to it's first Great Cause.

To this bright Mark may all thy Actions tend,  
 And Heav'n succeed the Wishes of a Friend,  
 Whose faithful Love directs it's tender Cares 55  
 Beyond the Flight of momentary Years :  
 Beyond the Grave, where vulgar Passions end,  
 To future Worlds it's nobler Views extend,  
 Which soon each Imperfection must remove,  
 And ev'ry Charm of Friendship shall improve. 60  
 'Till then, the Muse essays the tuneful Art,  
 To fix her moral Lesson on thy Heart,  
 Illume thy Soul with Virtue's brightest Flame,  
 And point it to that Heav'n from whence it came.

To

Say, dear *Babia*, can thy gentle Mind,  
 In hurrying Crowds a genuine Pleasure find ?  
 Amidst those Scenes the giddy World admires,  
 That Whim directs, and Levity inspires ?  
 Where *Folly* each revolving Hour employs,  
 In one mad Circle of unsettled Joys ;  
 Her Bells she jingles and her Tinsel spreads,  
 To please deluded Hearts, and flutt'ring Heads ;  
 With Baubles arm'd her trifling Race are taught,  
 To kill that Foe to human Quiet, Thought,  
 With *Vanity*'s fantastic Colours gay  
 In Youth's warm Sun the glitt'ring Insects play,  
 Careless how soon the wintry Blast must come  
 That sweeps their useless Beings to the Tomb.

Tir'd with unmeaning Sounds and painted Shows,  
 Which this vain Theatre of Life compose ; 16  
 Let peaceful Thought to happier Scenes remove,  
 And seek the lov'd Retreat of *K*——, *n* Grove ;

Where

Where Nature sheds her vernal Sweets around,  
 And Fancy wanders o'er *Elysian* Ground. 20  
 Ye Flow'rs that bright in living Colours glow,  
 Ye Gales, which sweet o'er op'ning Roses blow,  
 Ye Lawns enliv'n'd by the solar Beam,  
 Ye Groves that wave o'er Contemplation's Dream.  
 How aptly were your peaceful Joys design'd 25  
 To match the Temper of *Bethia's* Mind,  
 Which here, from Cares and busy Crowds remov'd,  
 Enjoy'd the calm Retirement that it lov'd.

But now no more these blooming Scenes excite  
 The finer Sense of elegant Delight; 30  
 The vernal Pride of drooping Nature fades,  
 No more *Bethia's* Smiles illumine the Shades;  
 No more with Music's soft prevailing Art  
 The beauteous Harmonist enchant's the Heart,  
 Nor Zephyr wafts along the vocal Grove 35  
 Such Sounds as list'ning Angels might approve,  
 While her prevailing Lyre directs our Choice  
 To "long Eternity and purer Joys."

Ah ! dear *Bethia*, how perverse the Fate  
 That drives thee far from this congenial State. 40

Why were these once transporting Pleasures known,  
 Or why, alas ! irreparably Flown ?  
 Thus the vain Impotence of reasoning Pride  
 Arraigns the present, blind to all beside.

Yet Heav'n all wise, indulgently severe, 45  
 Which makes our truest Happiness it's Care,  
 These cross Events of varying Life design'd,  
 To prove the latent Forces of the Mind :  
 Let human Bliss an equal Tenor boast,  
 And half our Nature's Excellence is lost. 50

*Virtue* by Fortune lull'd in soft Repose,  
 Is wak'd to Action by alarming Woes :  
 When in the Beam of Fate's unclouded Day,  
 She walks with *Pleasure*, thro' the flow'ry Way,  
 She only shares a weak divided Fame, 55  
 Our erring Senses think their Form the same ;  
 O'er Sorrow's Night her Rays distinguish'd shine,  
 And Heav'n and Earth confess her Charms divine.

Still may her Aid each absent Good supply,  
 Prompt the bright Hope, and check the rising Sigh :  
 Tho' now the dark inclement Seasons low'r, 60  
 Immortal Virtue mocks their feeble Pow'r :

Secur'd

Secur'd by Heav'n her fair Possession lies,

Beyond the Gloom of sublunary Skies.

There smiles the Spring in endless Verdure gay, 65

While K——n's flow'ry Prospects fade away,

And all my lov'd *Bethia* loses here,

The blooming Walks of *Eden* shall repair.



### A DIALOGUE.

SAYS Body to Mind, 'Tis amazing to see,

We're so nearly related yet never agree,

But lead a most wrangling strange Sort of a Life,

As great Plagues to each other as Husband and Wife.

The Fault is all your's, who with flagrant Oppression,  
Encroach ev'ry Day on my lawful Possession. 6

The best Room in my House you have seiz'd for your  
own,

And turn'd the whole Tenement quite upside down,

While you hourly call in a disorderly Crew

Of vagabond Rogues, who have nothing to do 10

But to run in and out, hurry scurry, and keep

Such a horrible Uproar, I can't get to sleep.

There's

There's my Kitchen sometimes is as empty as Sound,  
 I call for my Servants, not one's to be found :  
 They all are sent out on your Ladyship's Errand, 15  
 To fetch some more riotous Guests in, I warrant !  
 And since Things are growing, I see, worse and worse,  
 I'm determin'd to force you to alter your Course.

Poor *Mind*, who heard all with extreme Moderation,  
 Thought it now Time to speak, and make her Al-  
 legation. 20

'Tis I, that, methinks, have most Cause to complain,  
 Who am cramp't and confin'd like a Slave in a Chain.  
 I did but step out, on some weighty Affairs,  
 To visit, last Night, my good Friends in the Stars,  
 When, before I was got half as high as the Moon, 25  
 You dispatch'd *Pain* and *Languor* to hurry me down ;  
*Vi & Armis* they seiz'd me, in Midst of my Flight,  
 And shut me in Caverns as dark as the Night.

'Twas no more, reply'd *Bdry*, than what you do-  
 serv'd,  
 While you rambled Abroad, I at Home was half starv'd :  
 And, unless I had closely confin'd you in Hold, 31  
 You had left me to perish with Hunger and Cold.

I've

I've a Friend, answers *Mind*, who, tho' slow, is  
yet sure,  
And will rid me, at last, of your insolent Power :  
Will knock down your Mud Walls, the whole Fabric  
demolish, 35  
And at once your strong Holds and my Slav'ry abolish :  
And while in the Dust your dull Ruins decay,  
I shall snap off my Chains, and fly freely away.



### On the DEATH of MASTER —.

How vain the Joys that human Pride elate,  
Dependent on the slightest Chance of Fate !  
Here all the flatt'ring Hopes of youthful Bloom  
Untimely blasted, wither in the Tomb :  
Grac'd with each Merit Years like his could boast, 5  
Too soon discover'd, as too early lost :  
Studious by ev'ry pleasing Art to prove,  
Th' endearing Tenderness of filial Love,  
Which guided still by Nature's gentlest Voice,  
Prepar'd him for that Heav'n he now enjoys. 10

Yet

Yet let not Grief pronounce that Doom unjust,  
 Which lays a Parent's fairest Hopes in Dust ;  
 The lovely Object of these selfish Tears,  
 Felt ev'ry Joy of Life without it's Cares ;  
 To him the World display'd it's first best Sight, 15  
 And touch'd his infant Senses with Delight,  
 What more alas ! had added Years to give ?  
 To live for *Virtue* is alone to live :  
 And what that *Virtue*, but with painful Art,  
 To check the strong Emotions of the Heart : 20  
 The Hydra Forms of Folly to subdue,  
 And strive with Passions, which he never knew.  
 Heav'n, which the doubtful Conflict kindly spar'd,  
 Without the Toil, bestow'd the bright Reward :  
 Death gently call'd him from his guiltless Play, 25  
 And clos'd his Eyes to wake in endless Day.  
 Let Grief submit to Pow'r all good and wise,  
 And yield the spotless Victim to the Skies.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

## On a WATCH.

UNLIKE the Triflers whose contracted View  
 Ne'er looks beyond a glitt'ring outside Show,  
 In this Machine with moral Eyes survey  
 How gliding Life steals silently away,  
 And, mindful of it's short determin'd Space, 5  
 Improve the flying Moments, as they pass.

See rolling Years with quick Dispatch, decide  
 The transient Date of sublunary Pride :  
 See Beauty, Genius, Fortune, Fair, Sublime,  
 Borne headlong down the rapid Stream of Time : 10  
 O'er their sad Wrecks, along the fatal Shore,  
 Rapacious Death asserts his tyrant Pow'r ;  
 There all their momentary Glories fade,  
 In dull Oblivion's everlasting Shade.

Is all, that Nature or that Art can boast 15  
 In undistinguish'd, final Ruin lost ?

Muſt

Must All partake the same unalter'd Doom,  
 The Sport of Time, and Victims of the Tomb ?  
 One only Good secure, unchang'd, defies  
 The giddy Whirl of sublunary Skies ; 20  
 Which see, uninfluenc'd by their wild Controul,  
 Offspring of Heav'n, the undecaying *Soul*.

To this unfailing Excellence devote  
 The Morn of Reason, and the Prime of Thought.  
 Tho' Youth and Beauty diff'rent Tasks persuade, 25  
 That Youth must languish, and that Beauty fade :  
 Destructive Years no Graces leave behind,  
 But those, which Virtue fixes in the Mind.  
 How vain the Want of real Worth to hide,  
 Each flatter'd Talent's superficial Pride ! 30  
 It's Touch in vain the mimic Pencil tries,  
 And Sounds harmonious from the Lyre arise,  
 As some fair Structure, rais'd by skilful Hand,  
 But weakly founded on the shaking Sand,  
 Securely stands, in sculptur'd Foliage gay, 35  
 While vernal Airs around it's Columns play :  
 But soon the Rains descend, the Tempests beat,  
 And each unsolid Ornament defeat :

The faithless Base betrays it's feeble Trust,  
 And all the beauteous Trifle sinks in Dust : 40  
 So sinks each Grace of Nature, and of Art,  
 Unprop'd by strong Integrity of Heart !

Let idle Flutt'lers, miserably gay,  
 In Dress and Trifling waste their useless Day ;  
 That Day, for nobler Exercises giv'n, 45  
 T' adorn the Soul for Happiness and Heav'n :  
 Beyond the Triumph of these shadowy Charms,  
 Which ev'ry beating Pulse of Time alarms,  
 To fairer Views let thy Ambition tend,  
 Our Nature's Glory, and our Being's End ; 50  
 And seek from Beauties form'd on Virtue's Rules,  
 Th' Applause of Angels, not the Gaze of Fools.

WHILE Night in solemn Shade invests the Pole,  
 And calm Reflexion soothes the pensive Soul ;  
 While Reason undisturb'd asserts her Sway,  
 And Life's deceitful Colours fade away :  
 To Thee ! all-conscious Presence ! I devote  
 This peaceful Interval of sober Thought.  
 Here all my better Faculties confine,  
 And be this Hour of sacred Silence, thine.

If by the Day's illusive Scenes misled,  
 My erring Soul from Virtue's Path has stray'd : 10  
 If by Example snar'd, by Passion warm'd,  
 Some false Delight my giddy Sense has charm'd,  
 My calmer Thoughts the wretched Choice reprove,  
 And my best Hopes are center'd in thy Love.

Depriv'd of this, can Life one Joy afford ! 15  
 It's utmost Boast a vain unmeaning Word.

But ah ! how oft' my lawless Passions rove,  
 And break those awful Precepts I approve !  
 Pursue the fatal Impulse I abhor,  
 And violate the Virtue I adore ! 20

Oft

Oft' when thy gracious Spirit's guardian Care  
 Warn'd my fond Soul to shun the tempting Snare,  
 My stubborn Will his gentle Aid represt,  
 And check'd the rising Goodness in my Breast,  
 Mad with vain Hopes, or urg'd by false Desires, 25  
 Still'd his soft Voice, and quench'd his sacred Fires.

With Grief opprest, and prostrate in the Dust,  
 Should'st thou condemn, I own the Sentence just.  
 But oh thy softer Titles let me claim,  
 And plead my Cause by *Mercy's* gentle Name. 30  
*Mercy*, that wipes the penitential Tear,  
 And dissipates the Horrors of Despair :  
 From rig'rous *Justice* steals the vengeful Hour ;  
 Softens the dreadful Attribute of Power ;  
 Disarms the Wrath of an offended God, 35  
 And seals my Pardon in a *Saviour's* Blood.

All-pow'rful Grace, exert thy gentle Sway,  
 And teach my rebel Passions to obey :  
 Lest lurking Folly, with insidious Art  
 Regain my volatile inconstant Heart. 40  
 Shall ev'ry high Resolve Devotion frames,  
 Be only lifeless Sounds and specious Names ?

Oh rather while thy Hopes and Fears controul,  
 In this still Hour, each Motion of my Soul,  
 Secure it's Safety by a sudden Doom, 45  
 And be the lost Retreat of Sleep my Tomb.  
 Calm let me lumber in that dark Repose,  
 'Till the last Morn it's orient Beam disclose:  
 Then, when the great Archangel's potent Sound,  
 Shall echo thro' Creation's ample Round, 50  
 Wak'd from the Sleep of Death, with Joy survey  
 The op'ning Splendors of eternal Day.



## O D E S.

WITH restless Agitations toss,  
 And low immers'd in Woes,  
 When shall my wild distemper'd Thoughts  
 Regain their lost Repose?  
 Beneath the deep oppressive Gloom  
 My languid Spirits fade:  
 And all the drooping Pow'rs of Life  
 Decline to Death's cold Shade.

O Thou ! the Wretched's sure Retreat,  
 These tort'ring Gares controul,  
 And with the cheerful Smile of Peace,  
 Revive my fainting Soul !

Did ever thy relenting Ear  
 The humble Plea disdain'd ?  
 Or when did plaintive Mis'ry sigh,  
 And supplicate in vain ?

Opprest with Grief and Shame, dissolv'd  
 In penitential Tears,  
 Thy Goodness calms our restless Doubts,  
 And dissipates our Fears.

New Life, from thy refreshing Grace  
 Our sinking Hearts receive ;  
 Thy gentle, bēst low'd Attribute  
 To pity and forgive.

From that blest Source propitious Hope  
 Appears serenely bright,  
 And sheds her soft diffusive Beam  
 O'er Sorrow's dismal Night.

Dispers'd by her superior Force,  
 The sullen Shades retire,  
 And op'ning Gleams of new-born Joy  
 The conscious Soul inspire.

My Griefs confess her vital Pow'r,  
 And bless the friendly Ray ;  
 Fair *Phosphor* to the smiling Morn  
 Of everlasting Day.



Written at MIDNIGHT in a THUNDER STORM.

To —————

LET coward Guilt with pallid Fear,  
 To shelt'ring Caverns fly,  
 And justly dread the vengeful Fate,  
 That thunders thro' the Sky.

Protected by that Hand, whose Law  
 The threat'ning Storms obey,  
 Intrepid Virtue smiles secure,  
 As in the Blaze of Day.

In

In the thick Cloud's tremendous Gloom,  
 The Light'nings lurid Glare,  
 It views the same all-gracious Pow'r,  
 That breathes the vernal Air.

Thro' Nature's ever varying Scene,  
 By diff'rent Ways pursu'd,  
 The one eternal End of Heav'n  
 Is universal Good.

The same unchanging Mercy rules  
 When flaming Æther glows,  
 As when it tunes the Linnet's Voice,  
 Or blushes in the Rose.

By Reason taught to scorn those Fears  
 That vulgar Minds molest ;  
 Let no fantastic Terrors break  
 My dear *Narsissa's* Rest.

Thy Life may all the tend'rest Care  
 Of Providence defend ;  
 And delegated Angels round  
 Their guardian Wings extend.

When, thro' Creation's vast Expanses,  
 The last dread Thunders roll,  
 Untune the Concord of the Spheres,  
 And shake the rising Soul;  
 Unmov'd mayst thou the final Storm,  
 Of jarring Worlds survey,  
 That ushers in the glad Serene,  
 Of everlasting Day.



Written Extempore on the S.E.A.-SHORE.

Thou restless fluctuating Deep,  
 Expressive of the human Mind,  
 In thy for ever varying Form,  
 My own inconstant Self I find.  
 How soft now flow thy peaceful Waves,  
 In just Gradations to the Shore:  
 While on thy Brow, unclouded Shines  
 The Regent of the midnight Hour.

Blest

Blest Emblem of that equal State,

Which I this Moment feel within :

Were Thought to Thought succeeding rolls,

And all is placid and serene.

As o'er thy smoothly flowing Tide,

Their Light the trembling Moon-Beams dart,

My lov'd *Eudocia's* Image smiles,

And gayly brightens all my Heart.

But ah ! this flatt'ring Scene of Peace,

By neither can be long possest.

When *Eurus* breaks thy transient Calm,

And rising Sorrows shake my Breast,

Obscur'd thy *Cynthia's* Silver Ray

When Clouds opposing interyene :

And ev'ry Joy that Friendship gives

Shall fade beneath the Gloom of Spleen.

To \_\_\_\_\_.

On his Design of cutting down a SHADY WALK.

IN plaintive Notes, that tun'd to Woe  
The sadly sighing Breeze,

A weeping Hamadryad mourn'd,  
Her Fate-devoted Trees.

Ah! Stop thy sacrilegious Hand,  
Nor violate the Shade,

Where Nature form'd a silent Haunt,  
For Contemplation's Aid.

Canst thou, the Son of Science, train'd  
Where learned *Isis* flows,  
Forget, that nurs'd in shelt'ring Groves  
The Grecian Genius rose.

Beneath the *Platane's* spreading Branch,  
Immortal *Plato* taught:  
And fair *Lyceum* form'd the Depth  
Of *Aristotle's* Thought.

To

To *Latian* Groves reflect thy View,

And bless the *Tuscan* Gloom:

Where *Eloquence* deplo'red the Fate

Of Liberty and *Rome*.

Within the *Beechen* Shade retir'd,

From each inspiring Bough,

The Muses wove unfading Wreaths,

To circle *Virgil's* Brow.

Reflect, before the fatal Ax

My threatned Doom has wrought:

Nor sacrifice to sensual Taste,

The nobler Growth of Thought.

Not all the glowing Fruits, that blush

On *India's* sunny Coast,

Can recompense thee for the Worth

Of one Idea lost.

My Shade a Produce may supply,

Unknown to solar Fire:

And what excludes *Apollo's* Rays,

Shall harmonize his Lyre.

From

From Miss ———.

E L I Z A bids me boldly try,  
 To pluck the Laurel Bough,  
 And with unfading Garlands deck  
 My unambitious Brow.

When Friendship's Voice thus soothing calls  
 Thro' Vanity to stray,  
 Tho' conscious of the rash Attempt,  
 I readily obey.

With Steps by her Injunctions wing'd,  
 I seek th' immortal Grove:  
 Less prompted by Desire of Fame,  
 Than fond complying Love.

Th' offended Laurel seem'd to shrink,  
 As trembling I drew near:  
 The vocal Leaves these Sounds convey'd  
 To my attentive Ear:

“ RASH

“ Rash, Spoiler cease; nor let thy Hand,  
 “ My sacred Branch profane:  
 “ These Honours to the Wise belong,  
 “ Not to the Weak and Vain.”



To Miss ———.

In ANSWER to the foregoing.

LET not ungentle *Daphne's* Scorn  
 Thy rising Hopes restrain:  
*Apollo*, Pow'r of Wit and Verse,  
 Her Favour su'd in vain.

The' rude at first, the sacred Branch  
 Of Honour she denies,  
 Repeated Efforts shall prevail,  
 And gain the beauteous Prize.

That beauteous Prize the patient Toils  
 Of Perseverance claim:  
 Whose Hand alone must weave the Wreath  
 Of undecaying Fame.

Far

Far from the downy Bed of Sloth  
 The tuneful Sisters fly ;  
 Whose Soul-refining Arts, each Grace  
 Of polish'd Life supply.

At gay *Aurora's* early Call  
 Their pleasing Labours rise :  
 Nor cease when *Vesper's* silent Beam  
 Illumes the Western Skies.

At first, thro' Paths perplex'd and rude  
 Their trembling Vot'ries tread :  
 But soon confess the tedious Way,  
 And ev'ry Toil, repaid ;

When safe, beyond the Storms of Life,  
 Before their ravish'd Eyes,  
 The fair poetic Land of Joy  
 In smiling Prospect lies.

There vernal Airs eternal play,  
 To mortal Climes unknown :  
 And Flow'rs in living Colours glow  
 Beneath a brighter Sun.

There

There Forms, that never struck the Sense  
 Of vulgar Sight, appear :  
 And Music breathes, that never charm'd  
 The dull untutor'd Ear.

No puzzling Schemes of low-born Care  
 Distract the peaceful Mind,  
 Whose Thoughts are by the gentle Pow'r's  
 Of Harmony refin'd.

No longer, then, the faithful Voice  
 Of soothing Friendship blame :  
 But follow, where the Muses lead,  
 To Happiness and Fame.



To Miss —.

From her GUARDIAN ANGEL.

From Climes, where one eternal Spring  
 Emblooms the verdant Year,  
 See, watchful o'er his beauteous Charge,  
 Thy Guardian Pow'r appear.

Thy

Thy infant Hours, so Heav'n ordain'd,  
 Engag'd my tender Care :  
 And still unwearied I attend,  
 To point the hidden Snare.

O listen to my faithful Voice,  
 Which, mov'd by sacred Truth,  
 From fading Joys to real Good,  
 Shall guide thy careless Youth.

Seek not from Charms of mortal Birth  
 To purchase empty Fame :  
 With early Wisdom learn to trace  
 Thy Being's nobler Aim.

While sighing Crouds of rival Youths  
 Their idle Homage pay,  
 Reflect, how soon the transient Reign  
 Of Beauty must decay.

By Nature's unrelenting Law  
 Is fixt it's certain Date :  
 Nor Flattery's unavailing Breath,  
 Can change eternal Fate.

Amidst

Amidst the frolic Sports of Youth,  
 Some lasting Charm engage,  
 To gild the solitary Gloom  
 Of unadmir'd Old Age.

To Time's inexorable Pow'r  
 Has Heav'n's Decree consign'd,  
 All but the undecaying Bloom  
 Of fair, immortal Mind.

While Vanity's fantastic Schemes  
 The gay Coquet employ,  
 Let Virtue's nobler Study form  
 My *Ethelinda's* Joy.

For Folly's Transports of an Hour,  
 And low-designing Art,  
 Be Reason's sober Pleasures thine,  
 And Innocence of Heart.

Tho' Charms thus modest and retir'd  
 Attract no Coxcomb's Sight,  
 Applauding Angels own their Worth,  
 And view them with Delight.

SONETTO



## SONETTO PROEMIALE.

Del ABATE METASTASIO.

**S**OGLI, e Favole io fingo, e pure in Carte  
 Mentre Favole e Sogni orno e disegno,  
**I**n lor, folle ch' io son ! prendo tal parte  
 Che del mal ch' inventai, piango e mi sfegno.

**M**a forse ch' allor che non m'inganna l'arte  
 Più saggio io sono ; è l'agitato Ingegno  
**F**orse allor più tranquillo ? o forse parte  
 Da più salda Cagion l'Amor, io sfegno ?

**A**h che non sol quello ch' io Canto, e Scrivo  
 Favole son ; ma quanto Temo o Spero  
 Tutto è Menzogna : e delirando io vivo

Sogno



## T R A N S L A T E D.

FABLES and Dreams my sportive Genius feigns :

Yet Dreams and Fables while I range with Art,  
 Caught by their magic Force, to serious Pains  
 Th' inventive Head betrays the simple Heart :  
 Imagin'd Woes with real Grief I mourn,  
 Imagin'd Wrongs resent with real Scorn.

Yet, when by *Fancy's* Influence unconfin'd,  
 Does *Wisdom* give my throbbing Bosom Laws ?  
 Do calmer Thoughts compose my ruffled Mind ?  
 Springs Love or Anger from a better Cause ?

Ah ! not alone the *Muse's* gay Deceit  
 Is empty Fable, but my Hopes and Fears :  
 This busy Scene is one perpetual Cheat,  
 One wild Delirium all my fruitless Years !

Sogno della mea vita è il Corso intero  
 Deh Tu Signor, quando a destarmi arrivo,  
 Fa ch' io trovi Riposo in Sen del vero.



## C A N Z O N E

Del ABATE METASTASIO.

## I.

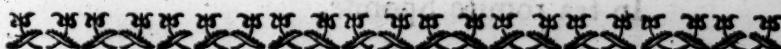
E c c o quel fiero Istante  
 Nice, mia Nice addio !  
 Come viv'rò Ben mio  
 Così lontan da tè ?  
 Io vivro sempre in pene,  
 Io non avrò più Bene,  
 E tu, chi fa se mai  
 Ti sovverrai di me ?

## II.

Soffri, ch' in Traccio almeno  
 Di mia perduta pace,  
 Venga il pensier seguace  
 Sul' orme del tuo piè :

Sempre

An idle Dream is all I act or speak,  
 The Cares of Age, the vivid Starts of Youth :  
 Thou ! when from Folly's fev'rish Sleep I wake,  
 Great GOD ! compose me in the Arms of Truth !



## T R A N S L A T E D.

### I.

A <sup>H</sup> *Delia* ! see the fatal Hour,  
 Farewel my Soul's Delight !  
 But how shall wretched *Damon* live,  
 Thus banish'd from thy Sight ?  
 To my fond Heart no rival Joy  
 Supplies the Loss of thee :  
 But who can tell if thou, my Dear,  
 Wilt e'er remember me ?

### II.

Yet, while my restless wand'ring Thoughts  
 Pursue their lost Repose,  
 Unwearied may they trace the Path  
 Where'er my *Delia* goes.

Sempre nel tuo Camino,

Sempre m' avrai vicino.

E tu, &c.

III.

Io fra romite Sponde,

Mesto volgendo i passi,

Andro Chiedendo a i Sassi,

La Ninfa mia dov' è?

Dal un a l' altra Aurora,

I' andrò Chiamando ognora.

E tu, &c.

IV.

Io rivedrò Sovente,

Le amene Spiagge, o Nice,

Ove Vivea felice,

Quando Vivea con te.

A mi faran Tormento,

Cento Memorie e cento

E tu, &c.

Quanti

For ever *Damon* shall be there,  
 Attendant on thy Way,  
 But who can tell, &c.

## III.

Alone thro' unfrequented Wilds,  
 With pensive Steps I rove ;  
 I ask the Rocks, I ask the Streams,  
 Where dwells my absent Love ?  
 The silent Eve, the rosy Morn,  
 My constant Search survey ;  
 But who can tell, &c.

## IV.

Oft I'll review the smiling Scene,  
 Each fav'rite Brook and Tree,  
 Where gayly past the happy Hours,  
 Those Hours I past with thee.  
 What painful, fond Memorials rise  
 From ev'ry Place I see !  
 But who, &c.

## V.

Quanti vedrai, giungendo  
 Al nuovo tuo Soggiorno,  
 Quanti venirti intorno,  
 Ed offrirti Amor e Fè:  
 Ah Dio ! che fa, fra tanti  
 Tenere Omaggi e pianti,  
 Ah Dio ! che fa se mai  
 Ti sovverrai di me ?

## VI.

Pensa qual dolce Strale,  
 Cara, mi lasci in Seno :  
 Pensa ch' ama Fileno,  
 Senza Sperar Mercè.  
 Pensa, mia Nice, a questo  
 Barbaro Adio funesto,  
 Pensa — ah chi fa se mai  
 Ti sovverrai di me !

## V.

How many rival Vot'ries soon  
 Their soft Address shall move,  
 Surround thee in thy new Abode,  
 And tempt thy Soul to Love.  
 Ah, who can tell, while sighing Crouds  
 Their tender Homage pay,  
 Ah, who can tell, if thou, my Dear,  
 Wilt then remember me !

## VI.

Think, *Delia*, with how deep a Wound,  
 The sweetly-painful Dart,  
 Which thy Remembrance leaves behind,  
 Has pierc'd a hopeless Heart.  
 Think on this fatal, sad Adieu,  
 That fevers me from thee :  
 Think — Ah who knows, if thou, my Love,  
 Wilt ever think on me !



To Miss —.

On a W A T C H.

WHILE this gay Toy attracts thy Sight,

Thy Reason let it warn;

And seize, my Dear, that rapid Time

That never must return.

If idly lost, no Art or Care

The Blessing can restore:

And Heav'n exacts a strict Account

For ev'ry mis-spent Hour.

Short is our longest Day of Life,

And soon it's Prospects end:

Yet, on that Day's uncertain Date

Eternal Years depend.

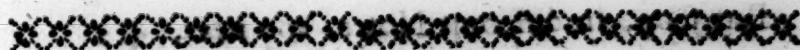
Yet equal to our Being's Aim

The Space to Virtue giv'n:

And ev'ry Minute well improv'd

Secures an Age in Heav'n.

To



To \_\_\_\_\_.

WELL did my dear *Myrtilla's* Pray'r,  
 To guardian Heav'n's protecting Care  
 Her wand'ring Friend commit :  
 Whose Steps by faithless Eyes misled,  
 Bewilder'd in the dubious Shade,  
 The well-known Path-way quit.

What could I do ? perplex'd, alone,  
 In vain the Constellations shone,  
 Too weak to mark my Way :  
 No Guide the choral Pleiads gave,  
 And beauteous smil'd the Star of Eve  
 With ineffectual Ray.

'Tis dreary Solitude around :  
 To chear my Hopes no Village Sound,  
 No Taper thro' the Trees :  
 The distant Waters murmur'ring roll,  
 Dire sung the lamentable Owl,  
 And faintly sigh'd the Breeze.

But

But soon, in diff'rent Notes, too near,  
 Discordant Voices stun my Ear,  
 With formidable Roar ;  
 The lawless Crew of revelling Sin,  
 Their midnight Orgies now begin,  
 To *Bacchus'* frantic Pow'r.

Yet, tho' by Fear confus'd and lost,  
 My Path no Son of Riot crost,  
 Unhurt I pass the Gloom :  
 Unconscious where, or how I fled  
 By watchful Providence convey'd,  
 I gain my wish'd-for Home.

In Life's long Journey as we tend,  
 The same all gracious Pow'r defend,  
 And lead us safely thro' !  
 Protect when threat'ning Fears assail,  
 And where the Lights of Reason fail,  
 A surer Guide bestow !

Whether in flow'ry Paths we stray,  
 Or labour thro' a gloomy Way

Perplexing

Perplexing and unev'n :  
 Thro' Passion's Snare, and Error's Night,  
 Conduct our falt'ring Steps aright  
 To reach their native Heav'n.



To ——.

WHILE soft thro' Water, Earth, and Air \*

The vernal Spirits rove,  
 From noisy Joys, and giddy Crowds,  
 To rural Scenes remove.

The Mountain Snows are all dissolv'd,

And hush'd the blust'ring Gale :  
 While fragrant Zephyrs gently breathe,  
 Along the flow'ry Vale.

The circling Planets constant Rounds

The wintry Wastes repair :  
 And still, from temporary Death,  
 Renew the verdant Year.

But

But ah ! when once our transient Bloom,  
 The Spring of Life is o'er,  
 That rosy Season takes it's Flight,  
 And must return no more.

Yet judge by Reason's sober Rules,  
 From false Opinion free,  
 And mark how little, pilf'ring Years  
 Can steal from you, or me.

Each moral Pleasure of the Heart,  
 Each lasting Charm of Truth,  
 Depends not on the giddy Aid,  
 Of wild, inconstant Youth.

The vain Coquet, whose empty Pride  
 A fading Face supplies,  
 May justly dread the wintry Gloom,  
 Where all it's Glory dies.

Leave Such a Ruin to deplore,  
 To fading Forms confin'd :  
 Nor Age, nor Wrinkles discompose  
 One Feature of the Mind.

Amidst

Amidst the universal Change

Unconscious of Decay,

It views unmov'd, the Scythe of Time

Sweep all besides away.

Fixt on it's own eternal Frame,

Eternal are it's Joys :

While, borne on transitory Wings,

Each mortal Pleasure flies.

While ev'ry short-liv'd Flower of Sense

Destructive Years consume,

Thro' Friendship's fair enchanting Walks

Unfading Myrtles bloom.

Nor with the narrow Bounds of Time,

The beauteous Prospect ends,

But lengthen'd thro' the Vale of Death,

To Paradise extends.

To the Rev. Dr. CARTER.

*Causa fuit Pater bis*

H. R.

Thou by whose Fondness, and paternal Care  
 Distinguish'd Blessings glad my cheerful Days,  
 While first my Thoughts indulgent Heav'n revere,  
 Receive the second Tribute of my Praise.

Thy Hand my infant Mind to Science form'd,  
 And gently led it thro' the thorny Road :  
 With Love of Wisdom, and of Virtue warm'd,  
 And turn'd, from idle Toys, to real Good.

O Gift beyond Ambition's giddy Aim,  
 Superior to the envy'd Blaze of Wealth,  
 The loudest Triumphs of applauding Fame,  
 And ev'ry Joy of idly lavish'd Health !

Whate'er the tuneful Muse, or pensive Sage  
 To Fancy warbled, or to Reason show'd,  
 The treasur'd Stores of each enlighten'd Age  
 My studious Search to thy Direction ow'd.

Ne'er

Ne'er did thy Voice assume a Master's Pow'r,

Nor force Assent to what thy Precepts taught;

But bid my independent Spirit soar,

In all the Freedom of unfetter'd Thought.

Nor e'er by blind Constraint and servile Awe,

Compell'd to act a cold external Part:

But fixt my Duties by that sacred Law,

That rules the secret Movements of the Heart.

Blest *Law of Liberty!* with gentle Lead

To regulate our erring Nature giv'n,

And vindicate, from slavish human Dread,

The unreserv'd Obedience due to Heav'n.

Still be that sacred Law my faithful Guide,

Conduct my Actions, and my Soul engage:

Then ev'ry generous Care, thy Youth apply'd,

Shall form the Comfort of declining Age.

Written

## Written at an ORATORIO.

Y E Pow'rs of Harmony, whose gentle Aid  
 Could once the finest Sense of Joy excite,  
 Where now is all your vital Influence fled,  
 Where vanish'd ev'ry elegant Delight !

Me better fits in unfrequented Wastes,  
 To sooth each tender Sentiment of Woe,  
 Where, in sad Concert sigh the wintry Blasts,  
 And dying Streams in plaintive Numbers flow.

Or, lonely wand'ring o'er the dewy Plain,  
 By pensive *Cynthia's* melancholy Light,  
 I'll fly from Music's ineffectual Strain,  
 Attentive to the wailing Bird of Night.

To me how tasteless ev'ry Scene of Joy,  
 The vacant Heart by happy Impulse feels :  
 While mine, which Thoughts of genuine Grief  
 employ,  
 From cheerful Crowds, to drear Retirement steals.

There

There, hapless Coward in the doubtful Strife  
 My fainting Pow'rs each active Function leave,  
 I droop beneath the dull Fatigue of Life,  
 And wish the peaceful Refuge of the Grave.

Impatient Wish, shall Suff'rers of an Hour,  
 With impious Voice ungratefully complain,  
 Forgetful that the gracious Hand of Pow'r,  
 With happy Ages pays the transient Pain !



To —————

**T**HE Midnight Moon serenely smiles,  
 O'er Nature's soft Repose ;  
 No low'ring Cloud obscures the Sky,  
 Nor ruffling Tempest blows.

Now ev'ry Passion sinks to Rest,  
 The throbbing Heart lies still :  
 And varying Schemes of Life no more  
 Distract the lab'ring Will.

In Silence hush'd, to Reason's Voice,  
 Attends each mental Pow'r :  
 Come dear *Emilia*, and enjoy  
 Reflexion's fav'rite Hour.

Come : while the peaceful Scene invites,  
 Let's search this ample Round,  
 Where shall the lovely fleeting Form  
 Of *Happiness* be found ?

Does it amidst the frolic Mirth  
 Of gay Assemblies dwell ?  
 Or hide beneath the solemn Gloom,  
 That shades the Hermit's Cell ?

How oft the laughing Brow of Joy  
 A sick'ning Heart conceals !  
 And thro' the Cloister's deep Recess,  
 Invading Sorrow steals.

In vain thro' Beauty, Fortune, Wit,  
 The Fugitive we trace :  
 It dwells not in the faithless Smile,  
 That brightens *Clodio's* Face.

Perhaps

Perhaps the Joy to these deny'd,

The Heart in Friendship finds :

Ah ! dear Delusion ! gay Conceit

Of visionary Minds !

Howe'er our varying Notions rove,

Yet all agree in one,

To place it's Being in some State,

At Distance from our own.

O blind to each indulgent Aim,

Of Pow'r supremely wise,

Who fancy Happiness in ought

The Hand of Heav'n denies !

Vain is alike the Joy we seek,

And vain what we possess,

Unless harmonious Reason tunes

The Passions into Peace.

To temper'd Wishes, just Desires

Is Happiness confin'd,

And deaf to Folly's Call, attends

The Music of the Mind.

## To Mrs. ——.

Occasioned by the Sight of some VERSES addressed  
to ——.

O'er these soft Lines the drooping *Graces* sigh,  
And injur'd *Love* his rosy Chaplet tears :  
The useless Lustre fades in *Beauty's* Eye,  
And *Genius*, while it frames the Verse, despairs.

Were these the patient Suff'r'r's only Boast,  
How deep the Ruin ! how severe the Smart !  
When all, that charms the World beside, is lost  
On tasteless *Damon's* cold, unfeeling Heart.

Yet tho' from these the faithless Rover flies,  
On surer Aids her better Hopes depend ;  
While fickle human Passions fall and rise,  
Secure of fixing *one* unfailing Friend.

Acquaint thyself with Him, and be at Peace,  
To his attentive Ear thy Griefs confide :  
His tender Care each throbbing Pain shall ease,  
His Arm sustain thee, and his Counsel guide.

No cold Neglect the faithful Heart repays,  
 Whose steadfast Aim solicits *his* Regard :  
 Each Wish for Merit, each Attempt to please  
 He views, and his approving Smiles reward.

Thro' ev'ry changing Scene his constant Love  
 Alike shall make it's happy Object blest :  
 Shall ev'ry Joy of active Life improve,  
 And sooth it's latest Agonies to Rest.

When Youth and Beauty deck that Form no more,  
 And Time, at length, shall claim what long it spares,  
*His* vital Smile shall ev'ry Charm restore,  
 And bid them bloom thro' everlasting Years.

'Till then the Hope, by *Damon's* Vows betray'd,  
 And wand'ring long on Passion's stormy Seas,  
 By *his* unerring Guidance safely led,  
 Shall fix her Anchor on the Rock of Peace.



To ——.

Hυιδε σιγα μεν τωντος, σιγωνταις & ανταις.

THEOC.

How sweet the Calm of this sequester'd Shore,

Where ebbing Waters musically roll :

And Solitude, and silent Eve restore

The philosophic Temper of the Soul.

The sighing Gale, whose Murmurs lull to Rest

The busy Tumult of declining Day,

To sympathetic Quiet sooths the Breast,

And ev'ry wild Emotion dies away.

Farewel the Objects of diurnal Care,

Your Task be ended with the setting Sun :

Let all be undisturb'd Vacation here,

While o'er yon Wave ascends the peaceful Moon.

What beauteous Visions o'er the soften'd Heart,

In this still Moment all their Charms diffuse !

Serener Joys, and brighter Hopes impart,

And clear the Soul with more than mortal Views.

Here,

Here, faithful Mem'ry wakens all her Pow'rs,  
 She bids her fair ideal Forms ascend,  
 And quick to ev'ry gladden'd Thought restores  
 The social Virtue, and the absent Friend.

Come *Musidora*, come, and with me share  
 The sober Pleasures of this solemn Scene,  
 While no rude Tempest clouds the ruffled Air;  
 But all, like thee, is smiling and serene.

Come, while the cool, the solitary Hours  
 Each foolish Care, and giddy Wish controul,  
 With all thy soft Persuasion's wonted Pow'rs,  
 Beyond the Stars transport my listening Soul.

Oft, when on Earth detain'd by empty Show,  
 Thy Voice has taught the Trifler how to rise ;  
 Taught her to look with Scorn on Things below,  
 And seek her better Portion in the Skies.

Come : and the sacred Eloquence repeat :  
 The World shall vanish at it's gentle Sound,  
 Angelic Forms shall visit this Retreat,  
 And op'ning Heav'n diffuse it's Glories round.

To ——:

*Quid quisque vitet, nunquam Homini satis  
 Cautum est in Horas ——  
 —— improvisa Leti  
 Vis rapuit, rapietque Gentes,*

H O R.

A H! why with restless, anxious Search explore,  
 Thro' distant Realms the Progress of Disease?  
 In ev'ry Clime, with like destructive Pow'r  
 The Hand of *Death* his hapless Prey shall seize.

Not more remote where genial Suns arise,  
 And healthful Airs o'er fragant Blossoms play,  
 Than where the putrid Vapour blasts the Skies,  
 And spreads Infection o'er the lurid Day.

Where sprightly Youth, and blooming Beauty sport,  
 He joins the Chorus, and partakes the Show:  
 And where the Graces and the Loves resort,  
 Amidst their Roses, twines his Cypress Bough.

The

The Bowl He snatches from ungovern'd Joy,  
 Where Riot calls, a quick, rapacious Guest :  
 And, slowly-sure, his lurking Arts destroy  
 The solitary Hermit's frugal Feast.

To what blest Realm can trembling Fear retire,  
 Unconscious of his universal Sway ?  
 Then why with anxious fruitless Search enquire  
 Who first, or last, must fall his destin'd Prey ?

Yes : One blest Realm shall grant a safe Retreat,  
 One faithful Guide the *living Way* supply :  
 To his Direction let the Soul submit,  
 And calmly yield to *Death* whate'er can die.



To Mrs. ——.

WHERE are those Hours, on rosy Pinions borne,  
 Which brought to ev'ry guiltless Wish Success ?  
 When Pleasure gladden'd each returning Morn,  
 And ev'ry Ev'ning clos'd in Calms of Peace.

How

How smil'd each Object, when by Friendship led,  
 Thro' flow'ry Paths we wander'd unconfin'd :  
 Enjoy'd each airy Hill, or solemn Shade,  
 And left the bustling empty World behind.

With philosophic, social Sense survey'd  
 The Noon-day Sky in brighter Colours shone :  
 And softer o'er the dewy Landscape play'd  
 The peaceful Radiance of the silent Moon.

Those Hours are vanish'd with the changing Year,  
 And dark *December* clouds the Summer Scene :  
 Perhaps, alas ! for ever vanish'd here,  
 No more to bless distinguish'd Life again.

Yet not like those by thoughtless Folly drown'd,  
 In blank Oblivion's full, stagnant Deep,  
 Where, never more to pass their fated Bound,  
 The Ruins of neglected Being sleep,  
 But lasting Traces mark the happier Hours,  
 Which active Zeal in Life's great Task employs :  
 Which Science from the Waste of Time secures,  
 Or various Fancy gratefully enjoys.

O still be ours to each Improvement giv'n,  
 Which Friendship doubly to the Heart endears :  
 Those Hours, when banish'd hence, shall fly to  
 Heav'n,  
 And claim the Promise of eternal Years.



To the EARL of *BATH*.

BRIGHT are the Beams, meridian Suns diffuse,  
 Yet drooping Nature mourns their Force severe :  
 And hails the gentle Fall of Ev'ning Dews,  
 Whose cooling Drops the wither'd World repair.

Bright is our mortal Being's Noon-tide State,  
 The glowing Breast when new-born Spirits fire :  
 When vast Designs th' aspiring Soul elate,  
 And fair Atchievements ev'ry Wish inspire.

While unrelax'd the Springs of Action play,  
 And gay Success on raptur'd Fancy smiles,  
 She bids all Dangers and all Doubts give way,  
 To crown the Hero's, or the Statesman's Toils.

Untaught

Untaught what cross Events the Wise confound,  
 How Time and Chance the Boast of Pow'r deride,  
 Exulting Hope o'erleaps the fated Bound,  
 By Imperfection fixt to human Pride.

Subdu'd at length beneath laborious Life,  
 With Passion struggling, and by Care deprest,  
 In peaceful *Age*, that ends the various Strife,  
 The harrass'd Virtues gladly sink to Rest.

Yet not in flow'ry Indolence reclin'd,  
 They waste the important Gift of sober Hours :  
 To ev'ry State has Heav'n it's Task assign'd,  
 To ev'ry Task assign'd it's needful Pow'rs.

Within the fun'ral Cypress awful Gloom,  
 Shall Pleasure her fantastic Garlands wreath?  
 Shall giddy Mirth profane the neighb'ring Tomb,  
 And Folly riot in the Vale of Death?

For better Purposes, to favour'd Man  
 Is Length of Days, tremendous Blessing ! given ;  
 To regulate our Life's disorder'd Plan,  
 And purify the blemish'd Soul for Heav'n.

For

For oft, alas ! amidst our fairest Aim,  
 The busy Passions mix their fatal Art,  
 Perplex defective Virtue's genuine Scheme,  
 And slyly warp the unsuspecting Heart.

Oft too, by inconsistent Couds misled,  
 Our devious Steps thro' winding Mazes stray :  
 How few the simple Path of Duty tread,  
 And stedfast keep their Heav'n-directed Way !

With calm Severity, unpassion'd Age  
 Detects the specious Fallacies of Youth :  
 Reviews the Motives, which no more engage,  
 And weighs each Action in the Scale of Truth.

The Soul no more on mortal Good relies,  
 But nobler Objects urge her Hopes and Fears,  
 And, sick of Folly, views no tempting Prize  
 Beneath the radiant Circle of the Stars.

How blest, who thus by added Years improv'd,  
 With cautious Steps their lengthen'd Journey tread :  
 And, from the Task of sultry Life remov'd,  
 Converse with Wisdom in it's Ev'ning Shade.

Such,

Such, gracious Heav'n ! be *Pulteney's* setting Day,  
 And cheerful Peace it's various Labours close :  
 May no dark Cloud obscure it's soften'd Ray,  
 Nor ruffling Tempest shake it's calm Repose.

Amidst the Waste of Years, preserve intire  
 The undecaying Spirit's nobler Part,  
 The vivid Spark of intellectual Fire,  
 And all the gentler Graces of the Heart.

When late he sinks beneath the common Doom,  
 May sacred Hope attend his parting Breath :  
 May Virtue gild his Passage to the Tomb,  
 And pow'rful Faith disarm the Dart of Death.

ODE



## ODE to MELANCHOLY.

Ιω Σχολος εμου φαος, ερεμος

Ω φαενου ως εμοι

Ελεσθ' ελεσθ' οικηλορα

Ελεσθε μ' —

SOPHOCLES.

COME Melancholy! silent Pow'r,

Companion of my lonely Hour,

To sober Thought confin'd:

Thou sweetly-sad ideal Guest,

In all thy soothing Charms confess,

Indulge my pensive Mind.

No longer wildly hurried thro'

The Tides of Mirth, that ebb and flow,

In Folly's noisy Stream:

I from the busy Croud retire,

To court the Objects that inspire

Thy philosophic Dream.

Thro'

Thro' yon dark Grove of mournful Yews  
 With solitary Steps I muse,  
 By thy Direction led :  
 Here, cold to Pleasure's tempting Forms,  
 Confociate with my Sister-worms,  
 And mingle with the Dead.

Ye Midnight Horrors ! Awful Gloom !  
 Ye silent Regions of the Tomb,  
 My future peaceful Bed :  
 Here shall my weary Eyes be clos'd,  
 And ev'ry Sorrow lie repos'd  
 In Death's refreshing Shade.

Ye pale Inhabitants of Night,  
 Before my intellectual Sight  
 In solemn Pomp ascend :  
 O tell how trifling now appears  
 The Train of idle Hopes and Fears  
 That varying Life attend.

Ye faithless Idols of our Sense,  
 Here own how vain your fond Pretence,

Ye empty Names of Joy !  
 Your transient Forms like Shadows pass,  
 Frail Offspring of the magic Glass,  
 Before the mental Eye.

The dazzling Colours, falsely bright,  
 Attract the gazing vulgar Sight  
 With superficial State :  
 Thro' Reason's clearer Optics view'd,  
 How stript of all it's Pomp, how rude  
 Appears the painted Cheat.

Can wild Ambition's Tyrant Pow'r,  
 Or ill-got Wealth's superfluous Store,  
 The Dread of Death controul ?  
 Can Pleasure's more bewitching Charms  
 Avert, or sooth the dire Alarms  
 That shake the parting Soul ?

*Religion ! Ere the Hand of Fate*  
*Shall make Reflexion plead too late,*

Thro' yon dark Grove of mournful Yews  
 With solitary Steps I muse,

By thy Direction led :  
 Here, cold to Pleasure's tempting Forms,  
 Consociate with my Sister-worms,  
 And mingle with the Dead.

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 Or ill-got Wealth's superfluous Store,  
 The Dread of Death controul ?  
 Can Pleasure's more bewitching Charms  
 Avert, or sooth the dire Alarms  
 That shake the parting Soul ?

*Religion ! Ere the Hand of Fate*  
*Shall make Reflexion plead too late,*

My erring Senses teach,  
 Amidst the flatt'ring Hopes of Youth,  
 To meditate the solemn Truth,  
 These awful Relics preach.

Thy penetrating Beams disperse  
 The Mist of Error, whence our Fears  
 Derive their fatal Spring:  
 'Tis thine the trembling Heart to warm,  
 And soften to an Angel Form  
 The pale terrific King.

When sunk by Guilt in sad Despair,  
 Repentance breathes her humble Pray'r,  
 And owns thy Threat'nings just:  
 Thy Voice the shudd'ring Suppliant clears,  
 With Mercy calms her tort'ring Fears,  
 And lifts her from the Dust.

Sublim'd by thee, the Soul aspires  
 Beyond the Range of low Desires,

In nobler Views elate :  
 Unmov'd her destin'd Change surveys,  
 And, arm'd by Faith, intrepid pays  
 The universal Debt.

In Death's soft Slumber lull'd to Rest,  
 She sleeps, by smiling Visions blest,  
 That gently whisper Peace :  
 'Till the last Morn's fair op'ning Ray  
 Unfolds the bright eternal Day  
 Of active Life and Bliss.



## To ——.

SAY, dear *Emilia*, what untry'd Delight  
 Has Earth, or Air, or Ocean to bestow,  
 That checks thy active Spirit's nobler Flight,  
 And bounds it's narrow View to Scenes below ?  
 Is *Life* thy Passion ? Let it not depend  
 On flutt'ring Pulses, and a fleeting Breath :  
 In sad Despair the fruitless Wish must end,  
 That seeks it in the gloomy Range of *Death*.

This World, deceitful Idol of thy Soul,  
 Is all devoted to his Tyrant Pow'r :  
 To form his Prey the genial Planets roll,  
 To speed his Conquests flies the rapid Hour.

This verdant Earth, these fair surrounding Skies,  
 Are all the Triumphs of his wasteful Reign :  
 'Tis but to set, the brightest Suns arise ;  
 'Tis but to wither, blooms the flow'ry Plain.  
 'Tis but to die, Mortality was born ;  
 Nor struggling Folly breaks the dread Decree :  
 Then cease the common Destiny to mourn,  
 Nor wish thy Nature's Law revers'd for thee.

The Sun that sets, again shall gild the Skies ;  
 The faded Plain reviving Flow'r's shall grace :  
 But hopeless fall, no more on Earth to rise,  
 The transitory Forms of Human Race.

No more on Earth : but see beyond the Gloom,  
 Where the short Reign of Time and Death expires,  
 Victorious o'er the Ravage of the Tomb,  
 Smiles the fair Object of thy fond Desires.

The Seed of *Life*, below, imperfect lies,  
 To Virtue's Hand it's Cultivation giv'n :  
 Form'd by her Care, the beauteous Plant shall rise,  
 And flourish with unfading Bloom in Heav'n.



### O D E to W I S D O M.

**T**H E solitary Bird of Night  
 Thro' the pale Shades now wings his Flight,  
 And quits the Time-shook Tow'r :  
 Where shelter'd from the Blaze of Day,  
 In philosophic Gloom he lay,  
 Beneath his Ivy Bow'r.

With Joy I hear the solemn Sound,  
 Which Midnight Echoes waft around,  
 And sighing Gales repeat :  
 Fav'rite of *Pallas* ! I attend,  
 And faithful to thy Summons bend,  
 At Wisdom's awful Seat.

She loves the cool, the silent Eve,

Where no false Shows of Life deceive,

Beneath the lunar Ray :

Here Folly drops each vain Disguise,

Nor sport her gayly-colour'd Dyes,

As in the Glare of Day.

O *Pallas*! Queen of ev'ry Art

“ That glads the Sense, or mends the Heart,”

Blest Source of purer Joys :

In ev'ry Form of Beauty bright,

That captivates the mental Sight

With Pleasure and Surprize!

To thy unspotted Shrine I bow,

Assist thy modest Suppliant's Vow,

That breathes no wild Desires :

But taught by thy unerring Rules,

To shun the fruitless Wish of Fools,

To nobler Views aspires.

Not Fortune's Gem, Ambition's Plume,  
 Nor Cythaea's fading Bloom,  
 Be Objects of my Pray'r :  
 Let Av'rice, Vanity, and Pride,  
 These glitt'ring envy'd Toys divide  
 The dull Rewards of Care.

To me thy better Gifts impart,  
 Each moral Beauty of the Heart  
 By studious Thought refin'd :  
 For Wealth, the Smiles of glad Content,  
 For Pow'r, it's amplest, best Extent,  
 An Empire o'er my Mind.

When Fortune drops her gay Parade,  
 When Pleasure's transient Roses fade,  
 And wither in the Tomb :  
 Unchang'd is thy immortal Prize,  
 Thy ever-verdant Laurels rise  
 In undecaying Bloom.

By thee protected, I defy  
 The Coxcomb's Sneer, the stupid Lie  
 Of Ignorance and Spite:  
 Alike contemn the leaden Fool,  
 And all the pointed Ridicule  
 Of undiscerning Wit.

From Envy, Hurry, Noise, and Strife,  
 The dull Impertinence of Life,  
 In thy Retreat I rest:  
 Pursue thee to the peaceful Groves,  
 Where *Plato's* sacred Spirit roves  
 In all thy Graces drest.

He bid *Ilyssus'* tuneful Stream  
 Convey thy philosophic Theme  
 Of Perfect, Fair, and Good:  
 Attentive *Athens* caught the Sound,  
 And all her list'ning Sons around,  
 In awful Silence stood.

Reclaim'd

Reclaim'd her wild licentious Youth,  
 Confest the potent Voice of Truth,  
 And felt it's just Controul :  
 The Passions ceas'd their loud Alarms,  
 And Virtue's soft persuasive Charms  
 O'er all their Senses stole.

Thy Breath inspires the Poet's Song,  
 The Patriot's free unbias'd Tongue,  
 The Hero's gen'rous Strife :  
 Thine are Retirement's silent Joys,  
 And all the sweet endearing Ties  
 Of still, domestic Life.

No more to fabled Names confin'd,  
 To Thee ! Supreme, all-perfect Mind,  
 My Thoughts direct their Flight :  
 \* *Wisdom's* thy Gift, and all her Force  
 From Thee deriv'd, unchanging Source  
 Of intellectual Light !

\* See St. James i. 5. & 17.

O send her sure, her steady Ray  
 To regulate my doubtful Way,  
 Thro' Life's perplexing Road :  
 The Mists of Error to controul,  
 And thro' it's Gloom direct my Soul  
 To Happiness and Good.

Beneath her clear discerning Eye,  
 The visionary Shadows fly  
 Of Folly's painted Show :  
 She sees, thro' ev'ry fair Disguise,  
 That all, but *Virtue's* solid Joys,  
 Is Vanity and Woe.



To Miss SUTTON,

1763.

HEIR of immortal Being ! whence that Sigh  
 O'er transient Life's probationary Woes ?  
 Why droops that Spirit form'd to seek the Sky,  
 Not idly languish in a long Repose ?

Why wanders Fancy thro' the Cypress Gloom,  
 Where boding Ravens croke the Dirge of Night?  
 Direct it's View to *Eden's* living Bloom,  
 The Song of Seraphs, and the Realms of Light.

Tho' now a toiling Tenant of the Dust,  
 See! Heav'n it's fair Inheritance displays:  
 And warm with gen'rous Hope and filial Trust  
 Exalt thy Soul to Joy, thy Voice to Praise.

*He* claims this Tribute whose paternal Care  
 Incessant watches o'er our helpless Frame,  
 And bids the changing Scenes of Life prepare  
 Our rising Nature to a nobler Aim.

Mixt with our Woes, what Objects of Delight  
 Our fated Task with kind Indulgence cheer!  
 With Beauty's endless Forms *he* strikes the Sight,  
 And glads with Harmony the ravish'd Ear.

*He* gives the Soul-entiv'ning Pow'rs that rove  
 Thro' the wide Range of Nature and of Art:  
 And soothes, by ev'ry Charm of social Love  
 The sympathetic Feelings of the Heart.

Oft when the Phantoms of delusive Good  
 With soft Seduction round our Senses play,  
*He* bids Affliction lift her chastning Rod,  
 And drive their unsubstantial Forms away.

By Mercy prompted his correcting Hand,  
 Inflicts the Stroke of salutary Pain,  
 To check tyrannic Passion's wild Demand  
 And free our Reason from it's slavish Chain.

Our Folly tutor'd, and subdued our Pride,  
*His* healing Smiles our Griefs and Fears controul :  
 And gently, thro' the Paths of Duty, guide  
 The ductile Temper of the soften'd Soul.

From Death's deep Vale, sad Refuge of Despair  
*My Isabella !* raise thy drooping Flight :  
 Nor faint beneath the Task allotted here,  
 While *Faith* and *Hope* to happier Scenes invite.

Our Nature's Conflict with an inborn Foe  
 Paternal Goodness views with pitying Eyes :  
 Virtue, a trembling Penitent below,  
 Exults a joyful Victor in the Skies.

Ah trust, for future Good, that gracious Pow'r,  
 Whose various Gifts our mortal Being bless,  
 Nor doubt, his Mercy, at the last dread Hour  
 Shall shed the Smiles of Pardon, and of Peace.



E L E G Y, 1768.

Y E s, weak Humanity ! thy tender Tear  
 Sheds it's soft Grief o'er Isabella's Urn,  
 Laments the polish'd Sense, the Heart sincere,  
 The social Charm which never must return.

Ah why with fond Regret, that Fate lament  
 Which she so oft as Heav'n's best Gift implor'd ?  
 Her Morn of Youth in joyless Languor spent,  
 What better Hope could added Years afford ?

In vain did Virtue guide, and Fortune smile,  
 The Weight of Life hung heavy on her Breast :  
 Her fainting Spirit sunk beneath it's Toil,  
 And sigh'd impatient for the Hour of Rest.

That

That Hour is come : ere yet her Sun declin'd  
 The welcome Shades of Death it's Labours close,  
 Contract the Date to human Woes assign'd,  
 And call the weary Mourner to Repose.

Farewel my much-lov'd Friend ! releas'd from Pain,  
 Possess the Quiet of thy wish'd Abode :  
 There sleep till He, who " died and rose again,"  
 To Joy shall wake thee " with the Trump of  
 " God."



To Mrs. V E S E Y.

1766.

SILENT and cool the Dews of Ev'ning fall,  
 Hush'd is the vernal Music of the Groves,  
 From yon thick Boughs the Birds of Darkness call,  
 And mark the Walk that Contemplation loves.

In shapeless Grandeur thro' the dubious Shade,  
 That Gothic Structure rises unconfin'd ;  
 Imagination feels a sacred Dread,  
 And awes to sober Thought th'astonish'd Mind.

Successive

Successive Seasons as they roll, survey  
 Still unimpair'd these solid Columns stand,  
 While cold and senseless moulder, in Decay,  
 The Limbs which rais'd them, and the Head which  
 plann'd.

\* Not for themselves the toiling Artists build,  
 Not for himself contrives the studious Sage :  
 To distant Views by mystic Force compell'd,  
 All give the present to the future Age.

Beneath the Shelter of this reverend Pile  
 The various Schemes of busy Care repose :  
 O'er the dark Tombs, along each peopled Isle,  
 The Moon's pale Beam a faint Reflexion throws.  
 Here Death his melancholy Pomp displays,  
 And all his Terrors strike on Fancy's Eye :  
 To Fancy's Ear each hollow Gate conveys,  
 In chilling Sounds, the last expiring Sigh.

\* Quid spectans, nisi etiam postera Sæcula ad se pertinere. Cic.  
 Tusc. Quæst. L. 1.

Mute is each Syren Passion's faithless Song,  
 Check'd and suspended by the solemn Scene?  
 Mute the wild Clamours of the giddy Throng,  
 And only heard the "still small Voice" within.

*Ambition* sick'ning views the laurel'd Dust,

The weak Reward for Years of rival Strife:

While *Pleasure's* Garland withering in the Dust,

Confutes the gayer Hope of frolic Life.

While *Folly* dictates, and while *Reason* scorns

The vain Regrets of disappointed Art,

Ev'n *Virtue* sighs, while poor *Affection* mourns

The blasted Comforts of the desert Heart.

Yet check that impious Thought, my gentle Friend

Which bounds our Prospects by our fleeting Breath,

Which hopeless sees unfinish'd Life descend,

And ever bars the Prison Gates of Death.

Ah ! what is *Friendship*, if at once disjoin'd

The sympathetic Tie unites no more?

Ah ! what is *Virtue*, if below confin'd?

The fruitless Struggle of a toilsome Hour!

To

To perfect Good thro' each progressive Stage

The Pow'rs of intellectual Being rend,

Nor raging Elements, nor wasting Age

Shall e'er defeat their Heav'n-appointed End.

To perfect Joy, from Pain and Chance secure,

The sighing Heart springs upward from the Dust,

Where safe from Suff'ring, and from Frailty pure,

Unite the social Spirits of the Just,

O'er the sad Relicks of our mortal Clay

No more let Fancy sink, in hopeless Grief;

But rais'd by Faith, to happier Views, survey,

The blooming Forms of renovated Life.

To Nature rescu'd from Corruption's Pow'r,

The glad Archangel lifts his awful Voice:

He swears that Time and Change shall be no more;

Hear Earth and Heav'n! and Earth and Heav'n

rejoice!

To the Hon. THOMAS DAWSON,  
Æstat. 2, 1773.

SWEET Innocence! whose Infant Heart

With op'ning Life securely plays,

May Ease and sprightly Health conspire

To crown thy first and fairest Days.

Too soon by hast'ning Time led on

To Years of Folly, Years of Care,

With fond Regret, shalt thou recall

Thy guiltless Smiles and Joys sincere.

Thy easy Path how strown with Flow'rs,

Shall soon become a winding Way,

Where Error spreads it's dark'ning Mist

And dang'rous Passions wildly stray.

Ah! then may Heav'n's directing Aid

Conduct thee thro' the mazy Road,

Where Duty's steady Hand has traced

The narrow Line of human Good.

To the Right Hon. LADY DARTREY.

O Skill'd by ev'ry Pow'r of tuneful Art,

Whose Magic leads the willing Mind along,  
To touch the finest Feelings of the Heart,

And lend to Virtue all the Charms of Song:

When in the dark Abode, where Silence reigns,

That Ear, which hears thee now, shall hear no  
more;

Shall thy lov'd Music in pathetic Strains,

The Friend it charm'd in Life, in Death deplore?

Yes: when from ev'ry busy Scène retir'd,

Amidst the solemn Twilight's dubious Rays,

Thy Thoughts by peaceful Solitude inspir'd,

Recall the Phantoms of departed Days:

When to thy soften'd Soul my Form appears,

By fond Affection view'd in Fancy's Dream,

Thy gentle Voice, in sweetly plaintive Airs,

Shall to the Lyre accord it's tender Theme.

If then thy Friend, each dreaded Fault forgiven,

Above all mortal Cares, all mortal Aims,

In glad Security enjoys that Heav'n,

Which trembling *Penitence* from Mercy claims;

Perhaps ev'n then, above yon starry Sphere,

Thy Song a blameless Transport shall impart,

Soft Witness to the Friendship once so dear,

By faithful Mem'ry graven on thy Heart.

Touch'd by the Sorrows, which from Virtue flow,

The purest Spirit might to Earth incline,

To Angels point that Worth it lov'd below,

And own it's Union with a Soul like thine.



### To Mrs. MONTAGU.

No more, my Friend, pursue a distant Theme,

While nearer Objects call Reflexion Home,

Farewell the vivid Fire, the deep-laid Scheme

Of polish'd *Athens* and imperial *Rome*.

By

By Fancy led thro' many a *British* Age,

O'er *Winton's* melancholy Walks we'll stray:

Where, once so busy on this mortal Stage,

The wearied Actors close their short-liy'd Play.

O'er the pale Sleepers waye the Wings of Night,

And solemn Silence guards their long Repose:

May no rude Clamour, or detecting Light,

Disturb this last Retreat of human Woes!

May never more return that impious Age,

When dire Rebellion scourg'd our guilty Isle,

When civil Discord, and fanatic Rage,

Profan'd the Shelter of this reverend Pile\*.

The mad Enthusiast sacks the sacred Dome,

He rends the Trophy from the Hero's Bust:

Nor weeping Angels o'er the Vestal's Tomb

From Insult shield the violated Dust.

Sepulchral Darkness felt a painful Ray,

And Silence, waken'd by the Trumpet fled:

While wanton Outrage, to the frightened Day,

Unyeil'd the mould'ring Horrors of the Dead.

\* Many of the Tombs in *Winchester* Cathedral were defaced by *Cromwell's* Soldiers.

Barbarian stop ! these kindred Atoms claim  
 The feeling Heart, the sympathetic Tear :  
 Stop ! and bethink thee of a Brother's Name,  
 Nor mock the Weakness, thou must quickly share,  
 Ah gracious God ! when erring Man has paid  
 The last sad Forfeit of our guilty Race,  
 Thy Goodness bids Earth's Parent Bosom shade  
 Our Nature's Ruin, and our Form's Disgrace.  
 From Sin, dark Principle of Death, refin'd,  
 This ransom'd Dust shall one Day quit the Tomb,  
 And rise, fit Partner to the spotless Mind,  
 In new-born Glory, and unfading Bloom.  
 While pensive wand'ring o'er this equal Scene  
 Where blended sleep the Humble and the Great,  
 Let Wisdom whisper to our Souls, how vain  
 The short Distinctions of our mortal State.  
 From yon fair Shrine, where letter'd *Wykeham* rests,  
 (It's Gothic Beauties finish'd from his Plan)  
 A warning Voice to High to Low attests,  
 The sacred Truth, that **MANNERS MAKE THE  
MAN** \*.

\* *William of Wykeham's* Motto.

To

To Death is destin'd all we seek below,

Except what Virtue fixes for our own :

While the vain Flourish of external Show

Ends in the blazon'd Hearse, and sculptur'd Stone.

All Wealth is poor, unless with gen'rous Skill

The lib'ral Hand it's trusted Gift impart :

All Pow'r is weak, but that which curbs the Will,

All Science vain, but that which mends the Heart.

O blest with ev'ry Talent ev'ry Grace,

Which native Fire, or happy Art supplies,

How short a Period, how confin'd a Space

Must bound thy shining Course below the Skies !

For wider Glories, for immortal Fame,

Were all those Talents all those Graces given :

And may thy Life pursue that noblest Aim,

The final Plaudit of approving Heav'n.

Inscription on Lady ANN DAWSON's  
Monument.

Sacred to the Memory

Of the Right Hon. Lady Ann Dawson  
Sixth Daughter of Thomas Farnor, Earl of Pomfret,

By Henrietta Louisa Jeffreys his Wife.

With all the External Advantages

That contribute to form a shining Distinction on Earth,  
She constantly practis'd, in their sublimest Excellence,  
All those evangelical Duties,

Which improve, and adorn the Soul for Heaven.

A more particular Description of her exalted Virtues,

To such as were Strangers to them

Would appear extravagant,

While all who were witness to them,

Would feel it to be defective.

May those Virtues remain fixed in the Remembrance,

And imitated in the Lives

Of her surviving Friends !

To

To the World they can never be completely known

Till that awful Day,

When, in the Sight of Men and Angels,  
They will be proclaim'd and rewarded.

Of her two Children

Richard-Thomas survives her.

Henrietta-Ann, who lived long enough  
To justify all the fairest Hopes of a Mother,  
By her Death afforded a triumphant Exercise  
To the Resignation of a Christian.

Ob. March 1, 1769.

In a grateful and affectionate Sense  
Of the Blessing he injoy'd in such a Wife,  
This Monument is raised  
By the Right Hon. Thomas Dawson, Lord Dartrey.

The

The world they can never be completely known  
 (The world is the world of the world)  
 What is the significance of man and woman  
 in the meaning of the world?

Я      Б      Б      Я

On the one hand  
 the world is the world of the world  
 and the world is the world of the world  
 (The world is the world of the world)  
 The world is the world of the world  
 The world is the world of the world

Я      Б      Б      Я

On the one hand  
 the world is the world of the world  
 and the world is the world of the world  
 (The world is the world of the world)  
 The world is the world of the world  
 The world is the world of the world

Я      Б      Б      Я

On the one hand  
 the world is the world of the world  
 and the world is the world of the world  
 (The world is the world of the world)  
 The world is the world of the world  
 The world is the world of the world

THE RAMBLER.

# R A M B L E R.

NUMB. XLIV.

HOMER.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Had lately a very extraordinary Dream, which made so strong an Impression on me, that I remember it every Word: and if you are not better employed, you may read the Relation of it, as follows.

Methought I was in the Midst of a very agreeable Set of Company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively Conversation; when on a sudden I perceived one of the most shocking Figures, Imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was dressed in black: her Skin was contracted into a thousand Wrinkles, her Eyes deep sunk in her Head, and her Complexion pale and livid as the Countenance

nance of Death. Her Looks were filled with Terror and unrelenting Severity; and her Hands were armed with Whips and Scorpions. As soon as she came near, with a horrid Frown, and a Voice that chilled my very Blood, she bade me follow her: I obeyed; and she led me through rugged Paths beset with Briars and Thorns, into a deep solitary Valley. Wherever she past, the fading Verdure withered beneath her Steps: her pestilential Breath infected the Air with malignant Vapours, obscured the Lustre of the Sun, and involved the fair Face of Heaven in an universal Gloom. Dismal Howlings resounded through the Forest: from every baleful Tree the Night Raven uttered his dreadful Note; and the whole Prospect was filled with Desolation and Horror. In the Midst of this tremendous Scene, my execrable Guide addressed me in the following Manner:

" Retire with me, O rash unthinking Mortal,  
 " from the vain Allurements of a deceitful World;  
 " and learn, that Pleasure was not designed the  
 " Portion of human Life. Man was born to mourn,  
 " and to be wretched. This is the Condition of  
 " all below the Stars, and whoever endeavours to  
 " oppose it, acts in Contradiction to the Will of  
 " Heaven. Fly then from the fatal Enchantments  
 " of Youth and social Delight: and here consecrate  
 " thy solitary Hours to Lamentation and Woe.  
 " Misery is the Duty of all sublunary Beings; and  
 " every Enjoyment is an Offence to the Deity,  
 " who is to be worshipped only by the Mortifica-  
 " tion

“  
tion of every Sense of Pleasure, and by the ever-  
lasting Exercise of Sighs and Tears.”

This melancholy Picture of Life quite sunk my Spirits, and seemed to annihilate every Principle of Joy within me. I threw myself beneath a blasted Yew, where the Winds blew cold and dismal round my Head, and dreadful Apprehensions chilled my Heart. Here I resolved to lie till the Hand of Death, which I impatiently invoked, should put an End to the Miseries of a Life so deplorably wretched. In this sad Situation, I spied on one Hand of me, a deep muddy River, whose heavy Waves rolled on, in slow full'en Murmurs. Here I determined to plunge; and was just upon the Brink, when I found myself suddenly drawn back: I turned about and was surprised by the Sight of the most lovely Object I had ever beheld. The most engaging Charms of Youth and Beauty appeared in all her Form: effulgent Glories sparkled in her Eyes, and their awful Splendors were softened by the gentlest Looks of Compassion and Peace. At her Approach the frightful Spectre, who had before tormented me, vanished away, and with her all the Horrors which she had caused. The gloomy Clouds brightened into cheerful Sunshine; the Groves recovered their Verdure, and the whole Region looked gay and blooming as the Garden of *Eden*. I was quite transported at this unexpected Change, and reviving Pleasure began to gladden my Thoughts: when, with a Look of inexpressible Sweetness, my Deliverer thus uttered her divine Instructions.

“ My

“ My Name is *Religion*. I am the Offspring of  
 “ *Truth*, and the Parent of *Benevolence*, *Hope*, and  
 “ *Joy*. That Monster, from whose Power I have  
 “ freed you, is called *Superstition*. She is the Child  
 “ of *Discontent*, and her Followers are *Fear* and *Sor-  
 row*. Thus different as we are, she has often the  
 “ *Insolence* to assume my Name and Character, and  
 “ seduces unhappy Mortals to think us the same,  
 “ till she, at length, drives them to the Borders of  
 “ *Despair*; that dreadful *Abyss*, into which you  
 “ were just going to sink.

“ Look round, and survey the various *Beauties*  
 “ of this *Globe*, which *Heaven* has destined for the  
 “ *Seat of Human Race*; and consider, whether a  
 “ *World* thus exquisitely framed, could be meant  
 “ for the *Abode of Misery and Pain*! For what *End*  
 “ has the lavish *Hand of Providence* diffused such in-  
 “ numerable *Objects of Delight*, but that all might  
 “ rejoice in the *Privilege of Existence*, and be filled  
 “ with *Gratitude* to the *beneficent Author of it*?  
 “ Thus to enjoy the *Blessings* he has sent, is *Virtue*  
 “ and *Obedience*; and to reject them, merely as the  
 “ *Means of Pleasure*, is *pitiable Ignorance*, or *absurd*  
 “ *Perverseness*. *Infinite Goodness* is the *Source of*  
 “ *created Existence*. The *proper Tendency* of every  
 “ *rational Being*, from the *highest Order of raptured*  
 “ *Seraphs* to the *meanest Rank of Men*, is to rise  
 “ *incessantly* from *lower Degrees of Happiness* to  
 “ *higher*; and each have *Faculties assigned them for*  
 “ *various Orders of Delight*.”

“ What,” cried I, “ is this the *Language of*  
 “ *Religion*? Does she lead her *Votaries* through  
 “ *flowery*

" Flowery Paths, and bid them pass an unlaborious Life  
 " of gay Amusement? Where are the painful Toils  
 " of Virtue? The Mortifications of Penitents, and  
 " the self-denying Exercises of Saints and Heroes?  
 " Are these only the gloomy Conceits of visionary  
 " Devotees? Are there no Difficulties to be en-  
 " countered? No Restraints to be endured? Does  
 " the Whole of Human Duty consist in the cheerful  
 " Enjoyment of a beautiful World, and a constant  
 " Indulgence of the soft Transports of Pleasure?"

" Not such a Kind of Pleasure," answered she,  
 " as arises from the thoughtless Gaiety of a useless  
 " Life. The Enjoyments of a reasonable Being  
 " cannot consist in unbounded Indulgence, or luxu-  
 " rious Ease; in the Tumult of licentious Passion,  
 " the Languor of indolent Repose, or the Flutter  
 " of light Amusements. Yielding to immoral Plea-  
 " sures corrupts the Mind; living to animal and  
 " trifling ones, debases it; both, in their Degree,  
 " disqualify it for it's genuine Good, and consign  
 " it over to Wretchedness. Whoever would be  
 " really happy, must make the diligent and regular  
 " Exercise of his superior Powers his chief Atten-  
 " tion, adoring the Perfections of his Maker, ex-  
 " pressing Good-will to his Fellow-creatures, and  
 " cultivating inward Rectitude. To his lower Fa-  
 " culties he must allow such Gratifications as will,  
 " by refreshing him, invigorate his nobler Pursuits.  
 " In the Regions inhabited by Angelic Natures, un-  
 " mingled Felicity for ever blooms: Joy flows there  
 " with a perpetual and unbounded Stream; nor  
 " needs there any Mound to check it's Course.

" Beings

" Beings conscious of a Frame of Mind originally  
 " diseased, as all the Human Race has Reason to  
 " be, must use the Regimen of a stricter Self-Go-  
 " vernment. Whoever has been guilty of volun-  
 " tary Excesses, must patiently submit both to  
 " the painful Workings of Nature, and needful Se-  
 " verities of Medicine, in order to his Cure. Still  
 " he is intitled to a moderate Share of whatever al-  
 " leviating Accommodations this fair Mansion of his  
 " merciful Parent affords, consistent with his Re-  
 " covery; and, in Proportion as this Recovery ad-  
 " vances, the liveliest Joy will spring from his secret  
 " Sense of an amended and improving Heart.—So  
 " far from the Horrors of Despair is the Condition  
 " even of the Guilty.—Shudder, poor Mortal, at  
 " the Thought of that Gulph into which thou wast  
 " going to plunge.

" While the more Faulty have every Encourage-  
 " ment to amend, the more innocent Soul will be  
 " supported with still sweeter Consolations, under  
 " all it's Experience of Human Infirmities: Sup-  
 " ported by the gladdening Assurances, that every  
 " sincere Endeavour to out-grow them shall be as-  
 " sisted, accepted, and rewarded. To such a one,  
 " the lowliest Self-Abasement is but a deep-laid  
 " Foundation for the most elevated Hopes: since  
 " they, who faithfully examine, and acknowledge  
 " what they are, shall be enabled, under my Con-  
 " duct, to become what they desire. The Chris-  
 " tian and the Hero are inseparable; and to the  
 " Aspirings of unassuming Trust, and filial Confi-  
 " dence, are set no Bounds. To him, who is ani-  
 " mated

" mated with a View of obtaining Approbation from  
 " the Sovereign of the Universe, no Difficulty is  
 " unsurmountable. Secure in this Pursuit of every  
 " needful Aid, his Conflict with the severest Pains  
 " and Trials, is little more than the vigorous Exer-  
 " cise of a Mind in Health. His patient Depen-  
 " dence on that Providence, which looks through  
 " all Eternity, his silent Resignation, his ready Ac-  
 " commodation of his Thoughts and Behaviour to  
 " its inscrutable Ways, is at once the most excel-  
 " lent sort of Self-denial, and a Source of the most  
 " exalted Transports. Society is the true Sphere of  
 " human Virtue. In social active Life, Difficulties  
 " will perpetually occur; Restraints of many Kinds  
 " will be necessary: and studying to behave right in  
 " Respect of these, is a Discipline of the human  
 " Heart useful to others, and improving to itself.  
 " Suffering is no Duty, but where it is necessary to  
 " avoid Guilt, or to do Good; nor is Pleasure a  
 " Crime, but where it strengthens the Influence of  
 " bad Inclinations, or lessens the generous Activity  
 " of Virtue. The Happiness allotted to Man in his  
 " present State, is indeed faint and low, compared  
 " with his immortal Prospects and noble Capacities:  
 " but yet, whatever Portion of it the distributing  
 " Hand of Heaven offers to each Individual, is a  
 " needful Support and Refreshment for the present  
 " Moment, so far as it may not hinder the Attain-  
 " ment of his final Destination.

" Return then, with me, from continual Misery,  
 " to moderate Enjoyment, and grateful Alacrity.  
 " Return from the contracted Views of Solitude, to

“ the proper Duties of a relative and dependent Being. Religion is not confined to Cells and Closets, nor restrained to sullen Retirement: these are the gloomy Doctrines of Superstition, by which she endeavours to break those Chains of Benevolence and social Affection, that link the Welfare of every Particular with that of the Whole. Remember, that the greatest Honour you can pay to the Author of your Being, is by such a cheerful Behaviour, as discovers a Mind satisfied with his Dispensations.”

Here my Preceptress paused: and I was going to express my Acknowledgments for her Discourse, when a Ring of Bells from the neighbouring Village, and a new-risen Sun darting his Beams through my Windows, awaked me.



THE

## R A M B L E R.

N U M B. C.

To the R A M B L E R.

S I R,

**A**S very many well-disposed Persons, by the unavoidable Necessity of their Affairs, are so unfortunate as to be totally buried in the Country, where they labour under the most deplorable Ignorance of what is transacting among the polite Part of Mankind, I cannot help thinking but that, as a public Writer, you should take the Case of these truly-compassionable Objects under your Consideration.

These unhappy Languishers in Obscurity, should be furnished with such Accounts of the Employments of People of the World, as may engage them, in their several remote Corners, to a laudable Imitation: or, at least, so far inform and prepare them, that if, by any joyful Change of Situation, they should be suddenly transported into the gay Scene,

they may not gape, and wonder, and stare, and be utterly at a Loss how to behave, and make a proper Appearance in it.

It is inconceivable how much the Welfare of all the Country Towns in the Kingdom might be promoted, if you would use your charitable Endeavours to raise in them a noble Emulation of the Manners and Customs of higher Life.

For this Purpose, you should give a very clear and ample Description of the whole Set of polite Acquirements; a complete History of Forms, Fashions, Frolics, of Routs, Drums, Hurricanes, Balls, Assemblies, Ridottos, Masquerades, Auctions, Plays, Operas, Puppet-shows and Bear-gardens: of all those Delights which profitably engage the Attention of the most sublime Characters, and by which they have brought to such amazing Perfection, the whole Art and Mystery of passing Day after Day, Week after Week, and Year after Year, without the heavy Assistance of any one thing, that formal Animals are pleased to call useful or necessary.

In giving due Instructions through what Steps to attain this Summit of human Excellence, you may add such irresistible Arguments in it's Favour, as must convince Numbers, who in other Instances do not seem to want natural Understanding, of the unaccountable Error of supposing they were sent into the World for any other Purpose but to flutter, sport, and shine: for, after all, nothing can be clearer, than that an everlasting Round of Diversion, and the more sprightly and hurrying the better, is the most important End of human Life.

It is really prodigious, so much as the World is improved, that there should, in these Days, be Persons so ignorant and stupid, as to think it necessary to mis-spend their Time, or trouble their Heads about any thing else than pursuing the present Fancy: for what else is worth living for?

It is Time enough surely to think of Consequences when they come: and as for the antiquated Notions of Duty, they are not to be met with in any *French Novel*, or any Book one ever looks into, but derived almost wholly from the Writings of Authors who lived a vast many Ages ago, and who, as they were totally without any Idea of those Accomplishments which now characterize People of Distinction, have been for some Time sinking apace into utter Contempt. It does not appear that even their most zealous Admirers, for some Partizans of his own sort every Writer will have, can pretend to say they were ever at one Masquerade. In the important Article of Diversions, the Ceremonial of Visits, the extatic Delight of unfriendly Intimacies, and unmeaning Civilities, they are absolutely silent. Blunt Truth and downright Honesty, plain Cloaths, staying at Home, hard Work, few Words, and those unenlivened with Censure or double Meaning, are what they recommend as the Ornaments and Pleasures of Life. Little Oaths, polite Dissimulation, Tea-table Scandal, delightful Indolence, the Glitter of Finery, the Triumph of Precedence, the Enchantments of Flattery, are things of which they seem to have had no Notion: and one cannot help laughing, to think what a Figure they would have made in a Visiting-room,

room, and how frightened they would have looked at a Gaming-table. The noble Zeal of Patriotism, that disdains Authority, and tramples on Law for Sport, was their absolute Aversion: and, indeed, one cannot discover any one thing that they pretend to teach People, but to be wise and good; Accomplishments infinitely below the Consideration of Persons of Taste and Spirit, who know how to spend their Time to so much better Purpose.

Among other admirable Improvements, pray, Mr. *Rambler*, do not forget to enlarge on the very extensive Benefits of playing at Cards on *Sundays*; a Practice of such infinite Use, that we may modestly expect to see it universally prevail in all Parts of this Kingdom. To Persons of Fashion, the Advantage is obvious: because, as for some strange Reason or other, which no fine Gentleman or Lady has yet been able to penetrate, there is neither Play nor Masquerade, nor bottled Conjurer, nor any other thing worth living for, to be had on a *Sunday*, if it were not for the charitable Assistance of *Loo* or *Quinze*, the genteel Part of Mankind must, one Day in seven, necessarily suffer a total Extinction of Being.

Nor are Persons of high Rank the only Gainers by so salutary a Custom, which extends it's good Influence, in some Degree, to the lower Orders of People: but, were it quite general, how much better and happier would the World be, than it is even now.

It is hard upon poor Creatures, be they ever so mean, to deny them those Enjoyments and Liberties which

which are equally open for all: yet if Servants were taught to go to Church on this Day, to spend some Part of it in reading, or receiving Instruction in a Family Way, and the rest in mere friendly Conversation, the poor Wretches would infallibly take it into their Heads, that they were obliged to be sober, modest, diligent, and faithful to their Masters and Mistresses. Now surely none of common Prudence and Humanity would wish their Domestics infected with such strange primitive Notions, or laid under such unmerciful Restraints: all which may, in a great Measure, be prevented, by the Prevalence of the good-humoured Fashion, which I would have you recommend. For when the lower Kind of People see their Betters, with a truly laudable Spirit, insulting and flying in the Face of those rude ill-bred Dictators, Piety, and the Laws, they are thereby excited and admonished, as far as Actions can admonish and excite, and taught, that they too have an equal Right of setting them at Defiance, in such Instances as their particular Necessities and Inclinations may require: and thus is the Liberty of the whole human Species mightily improved and enlarged.

In short, Mr. *Rambler*, by a faithful Representation of the numberless Benefits of a modish Life, you will have done your Part in promoting, what every Body seems to confess the true Purpose of human Existence, perpetual Dissipation. By encouraging People to employ their whole Attention on Trifles, and to make Amusement their sole Business, you will teach them how to avoid many uneasy and troublesome Reflexions. All the soft Feelings of Humanity,  
the

the Sympathies of Friendship, all natural Temptation to the Care of a Family, and Solicitude about the Good or Ill of others, with the whole Train of domestic and social Affections, which create such daily Anxieties and Embarrassments, will be happily stifled and suppressed in a Round of everlasting Racketting: and all serious Thoughts, but particularly that of *Hereafter*, will be banished out of the World; a most perplexing Apprehension, but luckily a most groundless one too, as it is so very clear a Case, that no Body ever dies. I am, &c.

7 JU 66

T H E E N D.



